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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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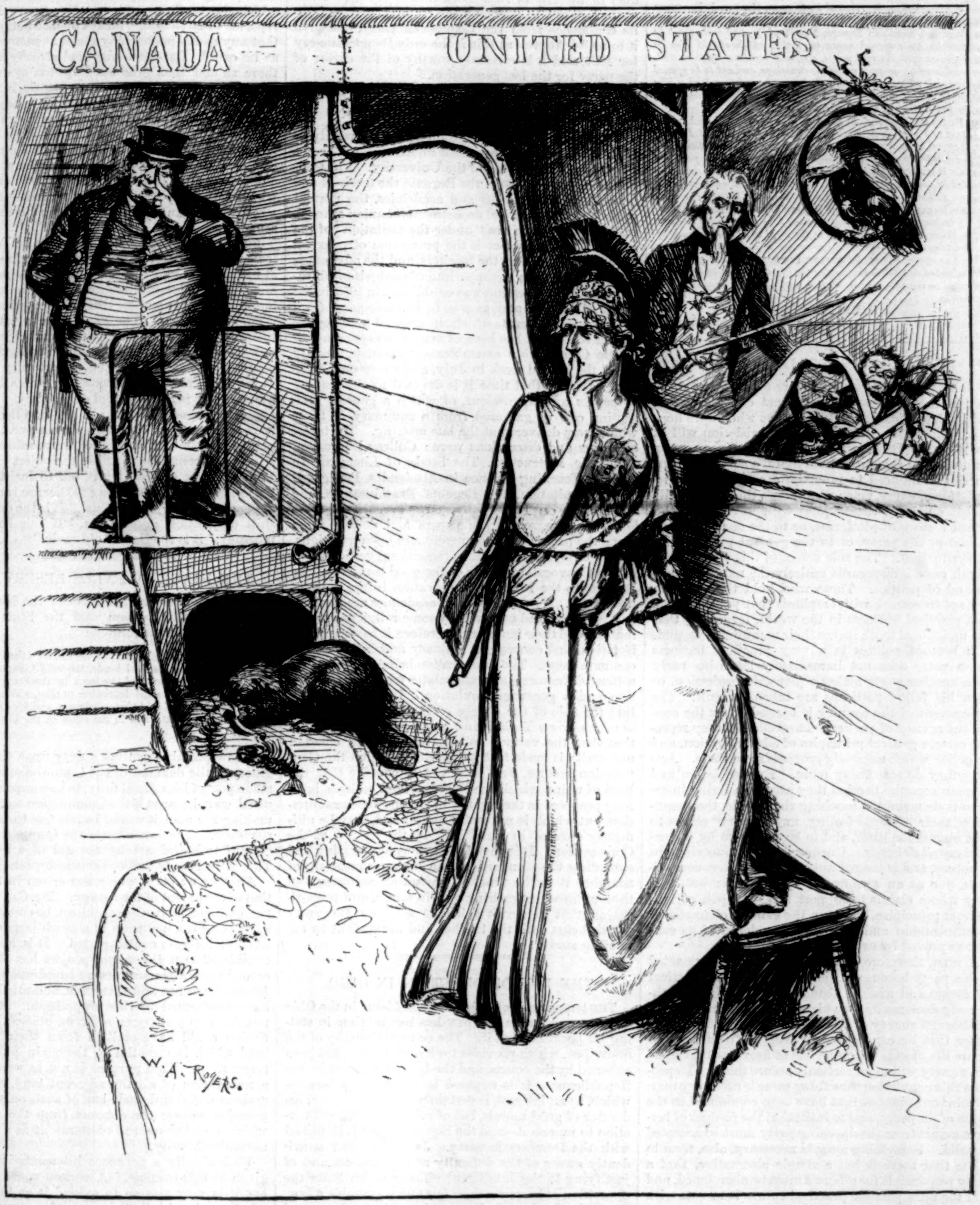


WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

BRITANNIA HAVING BEEN REBUKED FOR LEAVING HER STARVING CHILDREN AT OUR FRONT DOOR, NOW DROPS THEM SLYLY OVER OUR BACK FENCE.

WASHINGTON.—Special Agent HOWELL, now at Plattsburg, New York, has called the attention of the Treasury Department to the large number of immigrants arriving at Quebec and Montreal, who have neither money nor friends, and are too feeble by reason of age or infirmity to support themselves. Most of this class are paupers who have been assisted in procuring passage, and are ticketed to points in the western part of the United States. Twenty-eight persons who had left Ireland only twenty days before were found helpless and starving in the streets of Buffalo, and were committed to the Erie County Almshouse. All of these people came into the United States *viâ* Canada.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"*—the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department*, HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DEMOCRATIC MISCALCULATION.

A GREAT many Democrats are evidently of opinion that if serious misconduct can be proved against Republicans, all Republicans who desire honest administration and progressive legislation will at once join the Democratic party. This is an error akin to that of those who hold that if a party Convention can be induced to proclaim a certain policy in its platform, every voter who favors that policy will immediately support that party without regard to the natural history of platforms, or to the character and conduct of the party, or to the general probabilities of the situation. The sole defect of this view is that in both cases it disregards entirely the nature of parties and of politics. Those who hold the view are very apt to remark with emphasis that politics is the most practical business in the world, forgetting that that undoubted truth makes their reasoning unsound. It is because politics is a very practical business that a voter does not immediately leave his party when another party makes a plausible profession, or when his fellow-partisans are taken in fault. The government of the country is carried on by the convenient agency of parties. Theoretically they represent certain general principles of administration, and the policy which naturally proceeds from them. Actually they do something more. By association and common organized action they acquire a living interest to their members, touching their pride, their emulation, their personal feeling, until a party comes to exist almost for itself, and to be sustained by a powerful *esprit de corps*. Unconsciously it thus changes its nature, and is judged not by its distinctive declarations, nor as an agency for special ends, but as a body whose claims to support rest not upon certain abstract principles, but upon the general character of its membership, and the general tendency of its conduct as proved by experience.

A man, therefore, who has long or always acted with a party because of his confidence in its practical patriotism and wisdom abandons it, not when another party declares its own virtue, but only when, upon a deliberate survey of all the circumstances, he decides either that he can no longer trust his own party to secure the objects which he has at heart, or that some other party will more certainly secure them. To produce this conviction something more is necessary than to point out offenses that have been committed in the name of his party, and to insist that the pledges of better conduct from the opposing party must be accepted as valid. Something more is necessary, also, than to argue that there is but a simple alternative, that a party responsible for offenses must be abandoned, and that the only possible practical course is to vote with the opposition. There are obviously two preliminary questions which must be satisfactorily answered. Do the facts show that the offending party is a hopeless offender, and that the accusing party will do better? Until the voter is persuaded that his party is hopeless as an agency of honest government, he will naturally sustain its national dominance, however sharply he may criticise certain actions, and however resolutely he may refuse to support certain local nominations. And even when he despairs of his own party, although he may throw away his vote, he will certainly not give it to a party which has been at the same time equally on trial with his own, and which has equally failed.

This is the fallacy of the Democratic argument in the present juncture. During the period of Republican executive supremacy the Democratic party has had a majority in the House of Representatives, if not in the Senate, and undisputed control of many great States and cities. Its appeal to the country, therefore, is simply this: "We waive our hideous pro-slavery record before the war, the betrayal of trust by the last Democratic Administration, and our venomous Copperhead attitude during the war; and we say that the Democratic attempt to baffle the peaceful Presidential decision of 1877, our endeavor to starve and paralyze the government during the extra session, our financial charlatanry, and our general conduct in the city of New York and wherever we can control, ought to persuade the country to withdraw its confidence from the Republican party, and give it to us." At present this is the only Democratic cry for 1884, and it is certainly worthy of the career of the party for the last generation.

THE UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION.

THE twenty-first Convocation of the University of New York was held last week in Albany, under the auspices of the Regents of the University. The Convocation is a congress of the Regents, the teachers and trustees of the colleges and academies, the normal schools, and academical departments of union schools, in the State, which are "under the visitation" of the Regents, and its object is the promotion of personal acquaintance among the teachers, and the advantage to be derived from a comparison of methods of education. The Convocation was established in 1863, in the midst of the war, and, as was to be anticipated from the general interest which it aroused among the higher schools, it has been of very great service.

The Convocation assembles on Tuesday, usually about the second week in July, and closes on Thursday. During that time it is devoted to the reading of papers and discussions, of which a general conception can be gathered from a summary of those which were delivered at the late meeting. The topics of essays and discussions were: College Education, Academic Instruction, The Study of Literature in Schools, Teaching Science in Academies, Pedagogy, School Sanitation, The Regents' Examinations, and Discussions on Philosophy. Under each of these heads there were specific papers and debates upon them, the papers treating current and open questions, and teeming with valuable practical suggestions.

The Convocation is one of the good services of the Regents to the interests of education in the State of New York. The colleges and academies are generally established and endowed by some religious denomination, and their tendency, therefore, is to separation, isolation, and consequent jealousy and injury to the common cause. The Convocation brings all together, softens differences, and stimulates friendly co-operation and a generous emulation. It is in this way that the title of the charge of the Regents, the University of New York, is in a sense justified. The fiction that the various colleges compose in effect a university is made fact in the union which the Convocation secures, and it is not impossible that the kind of union which the New England colleges have long proposed in the identity of the entrance examination, but which is not yet accomplished, may be ultimately effected in New York by the agency of the Convocation. It is one of the means of elevating and extending the standard of the higher education, of adapting it to the time, of promoting accuracy and thoroughness in teaching and in study, and in cultivating that generous spirit of scholarly fraternity which helps both the teacher and the student by ennobling study.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN OHIO.

THE temperance question is a chief issue in the Ohio canvass, and Judge HOADLY has lost no time in stating his position upon it. The constitutionality of the SCOTT law, which provides for a high license, has been affirmed by the courts, and the law is sustained by the Republicans. It is opposed by the liquor interest—which, as an interest, is certainly not that of good order nor of good morals, but of crime, and of great taxation to repress it—and the liquor interest is identified with the Democratic party. Judge HOADLY is evidently aware of the difficulty of his position, and of justifying to the intelligent citizens of his State the opposition of his party to so fair and reasonable a law. The difficulty is only increased by his frank avowal of his approval of a license system. This reduces his plea to an objection to a particular form of license. Judge HOADLY is an able lawyer and an ardent politician. But this situation baffles him; and while his argument has the dexterity of desperation, it can not even confuse an intelligent voter, and to such a one only is it addressed, because no other is affected by argument.

Judge HOADLY states strongly his abhorrence of intemperance, and says that if he believed that alcohol was poison and its use a sin, he should advocate absolute prohibition. But the right principle, he says, for dealing with the liquor traffic is regulation of its abuses, and not prohibition. So far the great multitude of all good citizens would agree with him. Undoubtedly the great general sentiment of the country is that the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage should be strictly regulated by law. When, therefore, the Judge proceeds to say that to prohibit drinking a glass of such liquor is to infringe upon private right, he ingeniously but palpably shifts his ground, because the proposition in its terms is not to prohibit drinking, but to permit drinking under certain conditions. This shift is an open attempt at sophistry, which of course miscarries. The Judge then lays down what he holds to be the true rule of license, namely, a graduated system proportioned to the amount of the traffic, and to the amount of injury which the traffic may do. "The SCOTT law," he is reported to have said, "makes no distinction, but says that any man for $200 may make as many drunkards as he can." But the Judge had already agreed that there should be a graduated license system, which, therefore, according to his own rhetoric, is to say that, for a sum proportioned to his ability to pay, any man may make as many drunkards as he can. He can not therefore logically object to the high license for granting the very same permission in a more restricted form. If it be wrong for a man who pays $200 for a license to make as many drunkards as he can—which is the implication of his remark—it is quite as wrong for a man who pays $20 for a license to do the same thing.

But what is the object of a license? Why not allow any man to sell intoxicating liquor for a beverage at his pleasure and without a license, as he sells bread and sugar? Because by common consent it is a commodity, like gunpowder, the sale of which may be regulated by law. The regulation must have due reference to the object sought. That object is public order, and as public order is promoted by diminishing drunkenness, to restrict the opportunity of getting drunk is to fulfill the purpose for which licenses are granted. It is a question of expediency. A nominal license is no regulation at all. A high license actually regulates. The only fair alternative, therefore, is plain. It is either unlicensed dram-selling or dram-selling so licensed as to attain the object of licensing. To agree that license is just, but to insist that a $50 license is equitable, while a $200 license is an invasion of personal right, is ludicrous. It is the daring makeshift of political desperation. If this be "new Democracy," it is the same "old mole."

THE NIAGARA FALLS RESERVATION.

A QUESTION has arisen between the Niagara Falls Reservation Commission and the State Engineer. The law provides as follows:

> "Before any proceedings shall be had or taken for acquiring the title to any of the said lands, the said Commissioners shall cause to be made a map of the land, by the State Engineer and Surveyor, which they shall determine to take, which shall be certified by a majority of said Commissioners, and filed in the office of the Secretary of State, and in the office of the Clerk of Niagara County."

This law plainly devolves a duty upon the State Engineer at the demand of the Commissioners, and it is made part of his official duty, to be compensated in the usual way, because if the Commission were to pay for making the map, it would be left free to select its own surveyor. The law directs the Commission to do a certain technical act by the aid of a State expert. This is the simple and obvious interpretation.

Another question which has arisen in the board is that of the extent of the survey. Mr. CALVERT VAUX, the eminent landscape architect, has written a letter suggesting the inclusion of a much larger space than has been hitherto contemplated. It is, however, to be considered that the whole project has thus far proceeded upon a general design based upon a survey of Messrs. OLMSTED and GARDNER, and all the estimates have conformed to this proposition. It is scarcely possible that gentlemen so accomplished in their profession could have omitted from their project any land which is essential to the main purpose of the reservation. That purpose is not, as we understand, a reservation of all the adjacent land, which would make a delightful park, but of such only as is indispensable to free the cataract from the obstructions which now threaten to obliterate it as a spectacle of natural sublimity.

Undoubtedly a generous interpretation should be given to this purpose. A certain space is essential, but it is very easy so to extend it as to imperil the whole project by the prospect of enormous expenditure. The office of the present Commission is simply preliminary. It is to cause a survey to be made of the land which it deems proper for the reservation, to ascertain its probable cost, and to report to the Legislature for further action. The subject had been so fully considered by those interested, and upon the general plan of Messrs. OLMSTED and GARDNER, that specific statements were made which were very influential in securing the passage of the bill. A radical change of the scheme and a great increase of the expense would seriously prejudice its chances in another Legislature; and while the Commission is composed of gentlemen who would not hesitate to enlarge the scope of the enterprise if upon mature reflection they found it to be necessary properly to attain the object proposed, they would require very conclusive arguments to show them that the original scheme was inadequate and the careful calculations at fault.

THE DEMOCRATIC ENFANT TERRIBLE.

IN the lazy season all kinds of personal political speculations flourish luxuriantly, and none of them are more lively than those about the election of Mr. RANDALL as Speaker. The discussion is universal in both parties. The Democrats are radically and sharply divided upon the subject, and the Republicans therefore naturally "take a hand in," and genially encourage the fraternal dissension. The amusing fact in regard to Mr. RANDALL is that he can neither be taken nor left without great damage to the virtuous Democratic party which proposes to turn the rascals out.

His nomination by the Democratic caucus would be a plain declaration that the Democrats abandon the tariff issue in 1884, which would disgust the strenuous Democratic free-traders, who declare that his nomination would be the dissolution of the party. His rejection would startle the country as practically a Democratic free-trade pronunciamento, and the Democratic interest in protected industries would withdraw an important Democratic contingent from the hearty support of the party as a free-trade propaganda. The only remaining course, that of dropping both Mr. RANDALL and a distinctive free-trade candidate like Mr. CARLISLE, would be a mere dodging of the question, which would disgust the positive men upon both sides of the party, and attract no independent or Republican sympathy or support.

The silent Mr. RANDALL is the *enfant terrible* of his party. The free-traders, who can neither argue nor bully him down, are now with artless innocence trying to wheedle him. He and his friends the Democratic protectionists look on with a smile. And so, indeed, do the Republicans. "Take him or leave him," they seem to say to the esteemed Democratic brethren; "we shall be satisfied with your decision, and we hope that you will be so also."

A STRANGE STORY.

IT is a phantasmal tale that has been recently daily told in the morning papers, that the legitimate King of France, who has never sat upon a throne, is dying in Austria, and that the great-grandson of a man who voted for the death of his cousin, LOUIS XVI., and the heir of the Revolutions of '93 and of '30, is selected as the royal successor, and has been invited to Rome by the Pope.

The practical argument against the execution of King CHARLES I. in England was that a King can not be executed. CHARLES STUART might be beheaded, but the King would presently come over or not come over, but wherever he might be, and whatever his fate, he would be always a national menace, because the King can not die. The Comte de Chambord never sat upon his ancestors' throne, and his father never sat upon it, and he has no child. But when he dies, the King remains. The logic of legitimacy is invincible. Time and long possession and the will of the nation may practically interfere with the conclusion. But a royal family is deathless and its claim never expires. If the Comte de Paris renounces it for himself, it is at once valid in his heir.

Even the Napoleonic royalty asserts itself at this juncture. Like all others, its origin is mere brute force, but compared with the ancient BOURBON tradition the Napoleonic royalty is pinchbeck and parvenu. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was as able and unscrupulous a man as ever founded a monarchy. But he lived too late. The spirit of the age was hostile, and made his imperialism, when detached from his personality, ridiculous. If France is not really republican, she may cry, "A plague on both your houses." But none the less they can perplex and even convulse her. Since GAMBETTA there is no commanding and inspiring Republican leader in France, but that very situation would make her steady adhesion to the republic more significant.

ANOTHER REMOVAL.

THE folly and bitter injustice of displacing excellent public officers to bestow their positions upon the henchmen of politicians is constantly illustrated. It is a practice which in fact and in spirit is forbidden by public opinion; but the prohibition is constantly evaded, as in the acts of Commissioner EVANS. The instances are known only when circumstances make them conspicuous, but the wrong is always the same.

A recent case of the kind is the transformation of the consular agency at Düsseldorf into a consulate, and the dismissal of the consular agent, Mr. LEWIS, an experienced and upright officer, to make a place for a successor pressed by political influence. Mr. LEWIS has held the position for about twenty years, and was naturally able to be of great service to his countrymen—a service which he never failed to render. The Americans in Düsseldorf knew no legitimate reason for his removal, either official or personal, and we believe that "political reasons" alone were pleaded for the dismissal. The office is one solely of convenience to Americans and Germans, and one of the most indispensable qualifications is experience, familiarity with local laws and customs, and all the knowledge that a prolonged residence alone gives.

In such offices no more preposterous system could be devised than that of arbitrary rotation. An insecure tenure is a premium upon dishonesty, and wanton removal is both a disgrace and an injury to the country that tolerates it. No man, indeed, as we have often said, has a vested right to an office, as no clerk in a business house has a vested right to his place. But the business man who should turn out competent, honest, and experienced clerks and replace them with inexperienced men, upon the plea that none of his clerks had a vested right to his place, would be a fit subject for the writ *de lunatico*. That, however, is precisely what the government does in turning out a faithful agent like Mr. LEWIS, and it is an abuse which public opinion in this country has happily taken in hand and is steadily correcting.

FOREWARNED.

THE announcement of the ravages of the cholera in Egypt reminds everybody that the terrible plague has periodically swept over the world, and awakens the apprehension that our own country may not be spared. Fortunately the laws of health are so much better comprehended and observed than formerly that there is no reason to anticipate a panic even should the disease reach us.

Communities and individuals know that care, cleanliness, and wise moderation carry them safely even through such a torrid heat as was recently known in New York; and the same precautions generally and stringently observed will be equally serviceable in dealing with a plague like the cholera. Relaxing food, relaxing and fiery drinks, careless exposure to changes of temperature, a failure to recognize abnormal conditions in every detail of living, are the chief causes of the unusual mortality of a hot summer.

The same negligence, the want of positive reasonable precautions, and of conduct regulated by common-sense, would greatly heighten the fatality of a cholera epidemic. To keep cool is the best exhortation, because it means, be sensible. Of course, in view of the possibility, a great responsibility devolves upon the Board of Health at every sea-port in the country, and especially upon that in New York. Its powers, which are large, should be exercised with as much vigor as wisdom, and every citizen should cordially co-operate. Forewarned is forearmed, and we are distinctly warned by every fresh report from Egypt.

WISE GENEROSITY.

MR. and Mrs. OSWALD OTTENDORFER have made a splendid gift to the German Hospital in the city, the value of which is greatly enhanced by their wise disposition of it. Mrs. OTTENDORFER gives the land and building for a dispensary, which will be amply and thoroughly furnished for the free treatment of every kind of disease among the poor, while Mr. OTTENDORFER gives the land and building for a library and reading-room which he will supply with books and periodicals.

Such gifts allay the jealousy with which great wealth is coming to be regarded. They are public benefactions in the highest sense, and they are noble private monuments. ASTOR and LENOX, COOPER, CORNELL, and VASSAR, PEABODY and SLATER, and other munificent givers, live in the great public institutions which they have founded or aided, and the admiration and gratitude with which they are regarded might well stimulate those who are able to do likewise.

There have been most generous gifts to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which offers one of the most delightful and instructive resorts not only to the general public, but to skilled workmen. But it is not yet thoroughly independent, and a gift which should secure an ample endowment and an adequate building would be a public benefaction which the public would gratefully remember. Mr. and Mrs. OTTENDORFER have chosen to spend their money in a way which makes everybody glad that they are rich, and makes everybody wish, also, that all rich men and women were of the same disposition. Riches can certainly buy nothing more valuable than such good feeling.

PERSONAL.

No member of the family of the late PETER COOPER has been consulted about the proposed public monument to that philanthropist, although in thousands of places in the metropolis subscription lists have been opened, money-boxes fixed, and appeals to contribute placarded. Neither the shape nor location of the monument, nor the best manner of providing the means to erect it, nor the propriety of instituting any such enterprise at all, has been made a subject of consultation with the nearest relatives of Mr. COOPER.

—Not long ago LECKY, the historian, said to a New York friend that his works are modelled on those of BUCKLE, and showed his dog-eared and bethumbed copy of BUCKLE's *History of Civilization* as an evidence of his study of that author. But LECKY's style certainly does not suggest BUCKLE. His admiration for BUCKLE stopped this side of plagiarism, inspiring him with BUCKLE's spirit rather than loading his memory with BUCKLE's ideas and phrases.

—One of Colonel BERDAN's famous sharp-shooters, who behaved so handsomely in the war for the Union, is now a successful dentist in a New Jersey town. He recalls with mild merriment an order given by the gallant colonel to his hundred men at the second battle of Bull Run, when the field in front of them was teeming with masked batteries of the most formidable description. "Capture those batteries," cried the eager colonel, "and report them as fast as captured." This veteran survivor of the regiment declares that he never experienced the slightest compunction after killing a man, but was, on the other hand, as indifferent, save for the joy of the deed, as if he had just shot a woodchuck.

—We congratulate Mr. HENRY WATTERSON and his colleagues on the quality and size of the loan collection of art works which they have secured in this region for the Louisville Exhibition. The principal picture owners of this city, though often in other instances prompted to impatient refusals, have succumbed to Southern eloquence, and lent the best things in their galleries. Visitors to the Louisville Exhibition may rest assured that the paintings which are to go thither from New York are so good that New-Yorkers themselves would think it a treat to study them.

—Mr. RUSKIN's recent confessions are so interesting that it is to be hoped we shall be treated to many more. One of the least tiresome of them is the announcement that notwithstanding his well-known protests against the ignorant sentimentalism of BYRON, "I had yet formed my own precious 'style' by perpetual reading of him and imitation of him."

—A writer in our esteemed contemporary the *Critic* does unintentional injustice to the management of the Astor Library. "When the directors," he says, "are urged to open its treasures to the public in the evening they reply that no library of reference in the world is open after candle-light," but "it is known that the Bodleian at Oxford is open in part during the evening, and the great Brussels library, and the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris is contemplating a similar step." It was primarily through the directors themselves that, several months ago, the public were informed in the *Tribune* that these very libraries had made arrangements for opening one or more rooms in the evening; and it was because of the success of this move on the part of those foreign libraries that the directors of the Astor Library were reported to be considering the expediency of a similar course. We are able to add that the directors were correctly reported, and that the project of bringing the treasures of the Astor Library within reach of scholars who can not consult them by day is likely to be realized.

—We have received (and read) a copy of Mr. CHARLTON T. LEWIS's poem, called modestly by the author "A Rhymed Medley," which was recited last month at Yale College before the class of 1853, on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of their graduation. The public, to whom Mr. LEWIS is known as a scholar, a lexicographer, an editor, and a successful man of affairs, was perhaps unprepared to recognize in this latest effort the inspiration of a true poet as well. But Mr. LEWIS has a habit of doing handsomely what he puts his hand to, and we expect to see Yale honor herself one of these days by giving him an LL.D.

—Colonel KEATING, of the Memphis *Appeal*, who is visiting the city, speaks with enthusiasm of the present condition of the South. "The South," he says, "is the most prosperous section of the country, and this prosperity is due chiefly to the development of its mining interests, and to the intelligence with which, under the new *régime*, the soil is cultivated. The people are satisfied with the state of the Union; and so far from regretting the abolition of slavery, they would fight rather than see that patriarchal institution established again among them." It refreshes a patriot to hear such sentiments from an ex-Confederate chieftain who represents a big constituency. Colonel KEATING has passed through six or seven yellow fever epidemics in Memphis, and has gathered, in a valuable book, the contributions of his own experience and observation as to the treatment and eradication of that disease.

—The Hon. ABRAM S. HEWITT sailed for Europe with his family on the 18th inst. He will return in November, but his family expect to make a longer stay.

—On the evening of the day when the news of BAYARD TAYLOR's death reached this city several of his friends found their way to a club-house which the dead journalist and poet had been in the habit of frequenting, each of them expressing in the manner peculiar to himself his sense of his loss. One member showed the strength of his grief by the incoherent jerking of his head and arms, and seemed at times as though his reason was shaking. But another, whom Mr. TAYLOR especially admired for breadth of culture and catholicity of taste, walked the floor in silence, and, after seating himself in an absent-minded fashion, remarked quietly to the person who sat next to him, "It seems to me that I have seen BAYARD in each one of those chairs as I passed along, and his eyes were full of tears." The pathos with which the words were uttered made a lasting impression upon the listener.

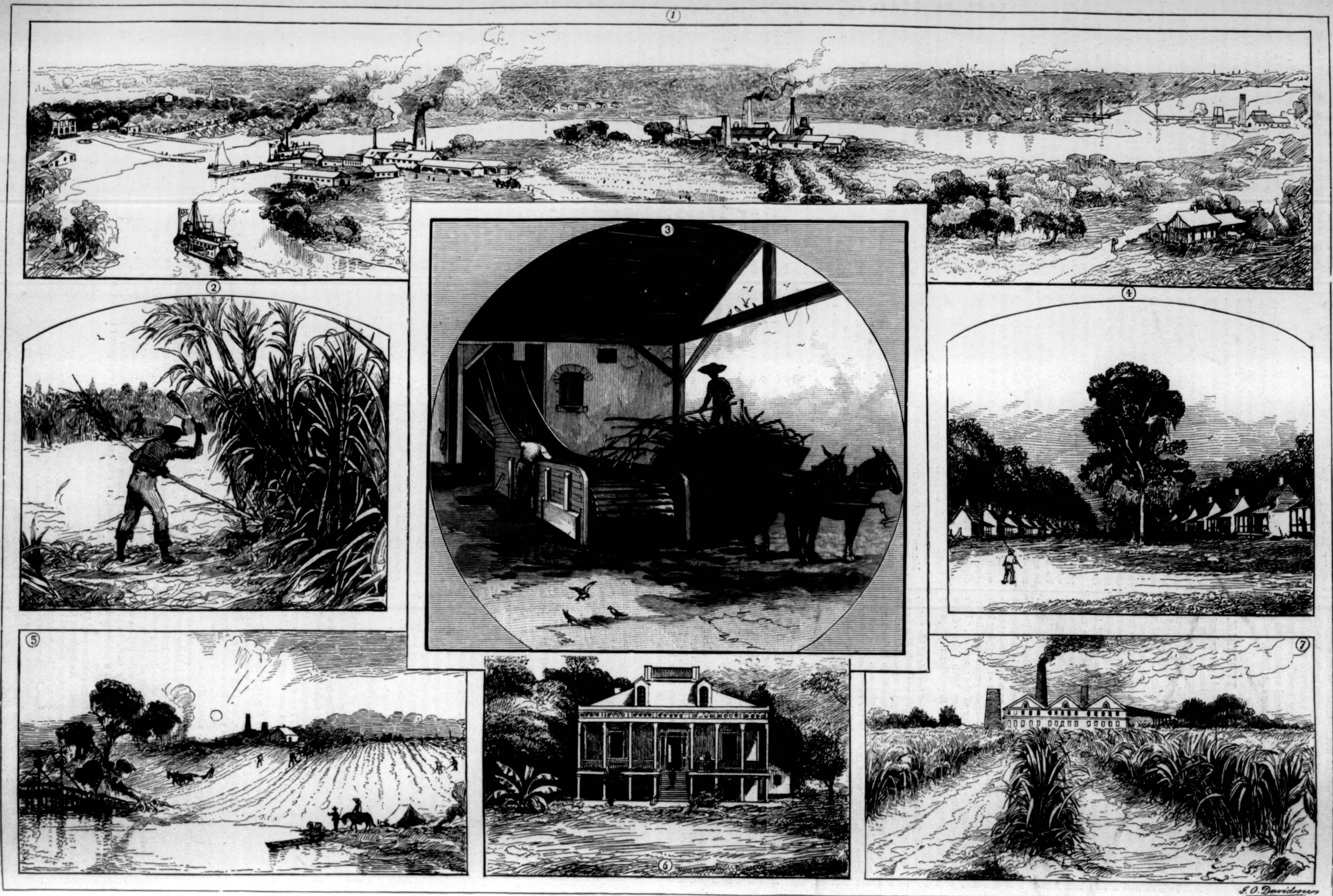
—Senator BAYARD, of Delaware, in a recent conversation, said that one thing surprised him during his last journey through the Southern States, namely, that it was from the ladies of the South that he heard the greatest rejoicing over the abolition of the peculiar institution. The reason for the joy was, he believed, the relief from the care of supervising the provision of clothing and food for the youthful negroes. In these days the mothers of those dark barbarians attend to the wants of their own children just as the mothers of little white savages do; but in the days of slavery the load was fastened to the back of the planter's wife.

—We notice in the columns of some of our contemporaries the expression of anxiety respecting the final issue of what is expected to be a war of extermination between the new Metropolitan Opera-house and the old Academy of Music as soon as the respective forces of Mr. ABBEY and Mr. MAPLESON are in the field. We see, however, no cause for serious apprehension. The best singers will draw the largest audiences, and the house that secures their services will be the successful and fashionable one, at least for the time being. If, on the same night, NILSSON should sing in the Metropolitan Opera-house and PATTI in the Academy, New York would be large enough and rich enough to fill both buildings; and if, on the other hand, the attraction in one building should be a prima donna of genius, and the attraction in the other building a prima donna of mediocrity, or (as in former years has frequently been the case) of no rank at all, the place that has the real singer will draw the crowd. In any event, the musical public, which heretofore has been drawn upon for much long-suffering, will be the gainer by the establishment of another head-quarters of song. Let the rival managers enter the lists; whichever wins, the musical public is likely to get some of its money's worth at last.

—Mr. C. KEAGAN PAUL on CHARLES KINGSLEY: For some twenty years he was the most popular clergyman in England. Others have been equally loved, or reverenced, or notorious, each in his own circle, some in more than one circle, but no man ever appeared to so large numbers and to so different classes. Dr. NEWMAN, Dr. MARTINEAU, Dean STANLEY, and, in their degrees, Mr. HAWEIS or Mr. STOPFORD BROOKE (heterogeneous mixture!), all represent, or have represented, considerable bodies; ROBERTSON's fame has greatly widened since his death; but none of these names express at all the sort of influence which KINGSLEY exerted. He was not a profound or subtle thinker; but his large, genial nature attracted alike the princes who strove to alleviate the sufferings of his last hours, and the gypsies who strewed, and still strew, flowers on his grave.

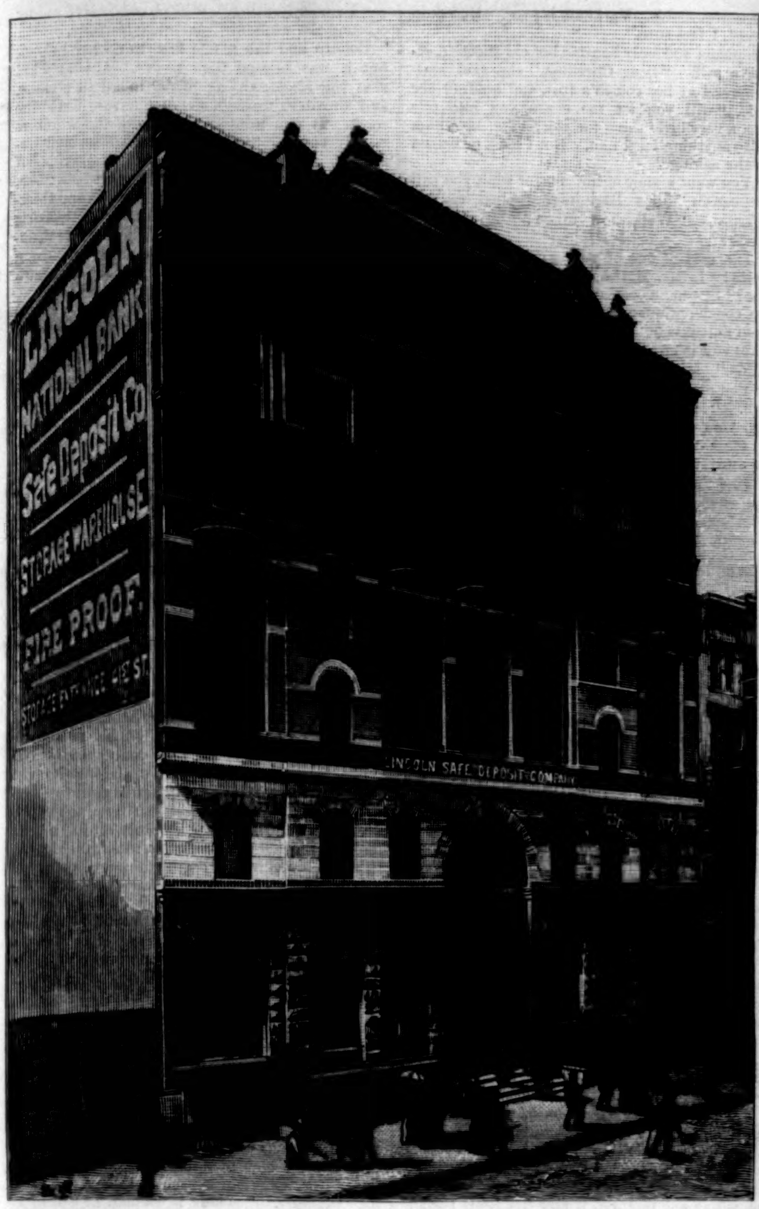
—A young New-Yorker, Mr. R. H. HATCH, has made a successful début in London as an elocutionist. "Among the audience," says *Society*, "were Mrs. GLADSTONE, Princess CHRISTIAN, and many other celebrities, and the distinguished audience accorded a very cordial greeting to the young American. Mr. HATCH's first recital was a touching American poem entitled 'How he saved St. Michael's,' and this was marked throughout with a grace of style which at once won the sympathy and admiration of the audience. Mr. HATCH is the possessor of a voice of strong emotional power, and as an elocutionist of high culture and commanding self-possession he appears to possess in a large measure what may be termed a popularizing nature."

—The leading art dealers are in a quandary. The supply of fine MILLETS, COROTS, ROUSSEAUS, and DUPRÉS is practically exhausted, and although every important auction sale of pictures in any capital of Europe is visited by themselves or their representatives, the difficulty of procuring such works has well-nigh become an impossibility, while the painters of them have left no successors. Besides, prices are enormous, and are beginning to drop of their own weight. Mr. ROCKEFELLER, of this city, paid $30,000 for MILLET's "Grafters," the highest price ever given by an American for an example of the Fontainebleau school; Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY, of Brooklyn, drew a check for $20,000 after receiving ROUSSEAU's "Morning on the Oise." It is not believed by the dealers that wealthy buyers will inaugurate a "boom" for old masters, although Mr. H. G. MARQUAND has recently paid a high sum for a canvas, and Mr. MACKEY has given $25,000 for REMBRANDT's "Burgomaster Six." But nobody in this country has yet established a reputation as an expert in old masters, and a fear of being defrauded would prevail should buyers generally turn their attention to such wares. There seems to be a good opening for zeal on the part of our American artists. Four or five of them have had the honor this year of selling their works to the French government, and nobody can tell what the future has to say of their capacity and success. We ourselves have observed with much interest the activity manifested in every part of the country with reference to our art prize of $3000.

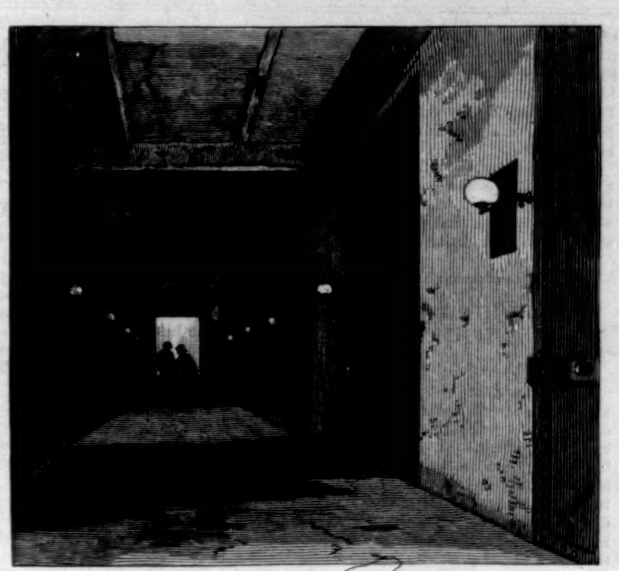


THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 454.]

1. View in Sugar District of Louisiana. 2. Stripping and Cutting. 3. Bringing in the Cane. 4. Plantation Quarters. 5. Planting. 6. Sugar Planter's Residence. 7. Young Sugar-Cane.


LINCOLN
NATIONAL BANK
Safe Deposit Co.
STORAGE WAREHOUSE.
FIRE PROOF.
STORAGE ENTRANCE 41st ST.
LINCOLN SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

EXTERIOR.

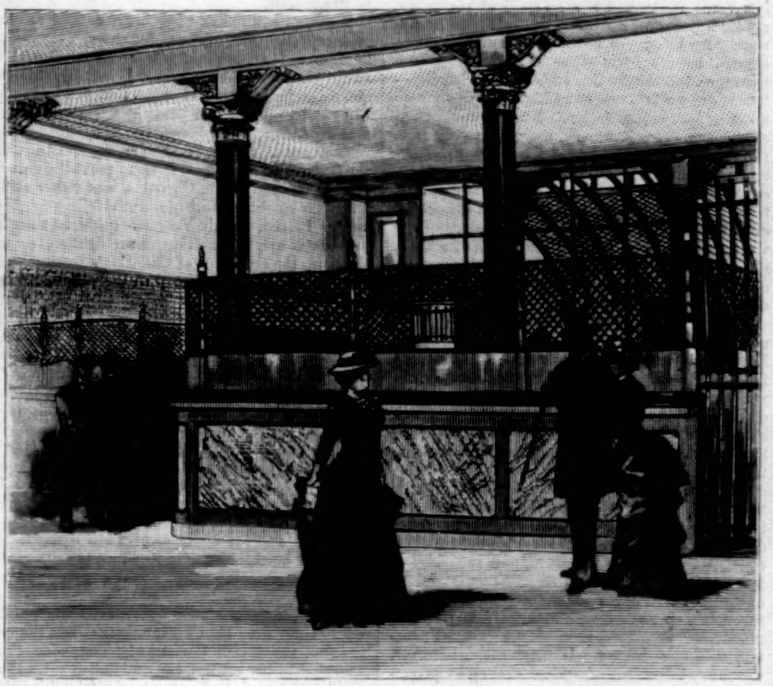


STORAGE VAULTS.

THE LINCOLN BANK.

The burning of **Morrill's** storage warehouses two or three years ago alarmed all persons who had trusted their own goods and chattels to similar repositories. In very many cases, perhaps the majority, the possessions intrusted to them are of a kind for the loss of which their value in money can not compensate. People who are breaking up their homes generally find it cheapest and most convenient to dispose outright of whatever movables can be replaced, and to store those only which are irreplaceable. The result is that the smallest part of the loss caused by the destruction of such things is that which can be recovered even from a responsible bailee.

This consideration has determined the building of several storage warehouses, of which the object is not to insure compensation for the loss of goods intrusted to them, but to insure the return of the goods themselves on demand, and in as good order as that in which they were received. One of the most interesting of these, and in its scope the most extensive, is the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company, the fire-proof building of which has lately been opened for business in Forty-second Street, opposite the Grand Central Depot. The Lincoln Bank is a national bank, which has now been in business for about two years, and of which Mr. **Thomas L. James**, for many years the efficient Postmaster of New York, is the President, having resigned the Postmaster-Generalship, to which he was appointed by **Garfield**, in order to accept this trust, besides being moved by considerations more familiar, and therefore less necessary to state. The safe deposit company is a separate institution, being organized under the laws of the State, while the bank is organized under the general banking law. But Mr. **James** is the President of both institutions, and Mr. **Van Santvoord**, to whose active interest and supervision both owe much, is the Vice-President, while, with one or two exceptions, the list of trustees of the safe deposit company is the same as that of the directors of the bank, including ex-Mayor **Grace**, Mr. **F. W. Vanderbilt**, Mr. **Seward Webb**, Mr. **John W. Harper**, Mr. **Frederick Kühne**, Mr. **John F. Plummer**, Mr. **Matthew C. D. Bowden**, and Chief-Justice **Davis**.



COUNTING-ROOM.

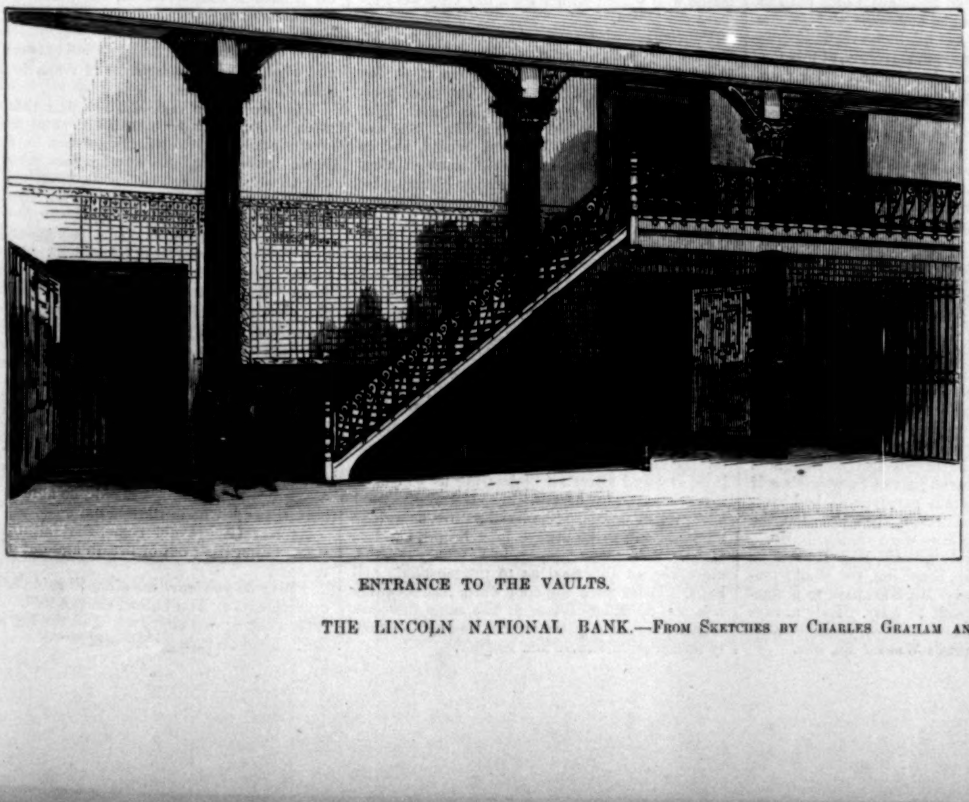
The banking offices comprise a large suite of rooms on the first floor of the building of the safe deposit company, of which the remainder is given over to the business, or rather the separate businesses, of a storage warehouse and a safe deposit company. The vaults of the safe deposit company are upon the first floor, with a separate entrance and waiting-room for ladies at the west end of the building, and a waiting-room for men at the rear of the building under a large half-arch skylight of glass and iron, which gives perfect light to the whole of the first floor, although the building is 110 feet in depth by 100 in frontage. The main vault, the steel doors and locks of which are remarkable pieces of mechanism in their kind, is of metal, 25 by 40 feet in area, and is in two stories, of which the upper is intended for the storage of silver, with an additional and equally well-protected silver-room in the basement. The boilers which supply heat for the building and power for the elevators are under the sidewalk, and so separated from the building as to localize the effect of any possible explosion.

The business of the bank and of the safe deposit company is confined to the first two stories, of which the upper is a "mezzanine." The upper six stories form the storage warehouse. Each is divided by two corridors, lighted at each end, into four series of compartments, separated from the corridors and from each other by fire-proof partitions. Although the windows at the ends of the corridors, which are protected by double iron shutters, are the only openings in the front and rear walls, there is no lack of light, and ventilation is looked out for with equal care, in order to guard against mould, each compartment being connected with the outer air by flues built in the thickness of the walls. These stories, which are separated by brick arches turned between iron beams, have no communication with each other except by means of the staircase at the rear, which is in a well cut off from the rest of the building by heavy brick walls, the openings furnished with iron doors. All the machinery of the elevators is also confined to this well. There are two large elevators for goods, to which access is gained from Forty-first Street, each of them capable of carrying to the top of the building a loaded furniture van. The floor of the cellar is blasted out of the solid rock, and covered with concrete. The roof is covered with a heavy layer of cement. The outer walls are three feet thick.

It is hard to imagine, in looking at the effect of these dispositions, how any fire could originate within, except by "spontaneous combustion," and even that unlikely contingency is guarded against by the system of ventilation adopted, or how, if a fire did originate in any compartment, it could be communicated to another, and still more how it could extend beyond the floor on which it arose. It is equally hard to imagine how the building, or any of its contents could be affected by any fire arising outside of it.

While security is the first requisite in such a building, the convenience of customers is only second to it. This is secured by the facilities for examination in all the various departments, and by the unusual concession to human weakness, in a building of this character, of a passenger elevator in addition to those used for goods, so that depositors can have easy access to the trunk-rooms on the topmost floor, as well as to the vaults of the first story, and the silver-rooms of the second.

The reception-rooms of the entrance floor, as well as the rooms of the bank, are fitted with a luxury remarkable even among the recent commercial palaces of New York. No wood appears except in the movable furniture. The walls are wainscoted with selected Knoxville marble in large slabs, with darker frames of the same material, and above the wainscoting are hung with glazed tiles, which give a singularly bright effect, and have the advantage



ENTRANCE TO THE VAULTS.

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK.—From Sketches by Charles Graham and Photograph by Pach.

of always being capable of being restored to their pristine freshness with a wet cloth. The mantel-pieces are of a beautiful red Belgian marble, with bands of a black marble from Glens Falls, in this State, a valuable material recently introduced, of a very fine grain and susceptible of high polish.

The exterior of the building is red brick above a rough brown-stone basement, and betrays its unusual purpose in a great field of blank wall, with only two vertical rows of openings, corresponding to the interior corridors.

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA.

I.

Louisiana is too commonly imagined to be one vast marsh, intersected by sluggish water-courses, a veritable breeding-place of malaria, where the nights are made hideous by the croaking of frogs, the hissing of reptiles, and the roaring of alligators, while above these swamps, inhabited by a race perpetually trembling with ague, hovers the deadly spectre of yellow fever, grasping in one hand the scythe of destruction, and in the other the yellow flag of quarantine. Consequently there are really many people who deem it an act of courage to descend the Mississippi and land upon the shores of the Mexican Gulf. But those who venture to do this are well rewarded for their pains. They can boast, as well as the pioneer explorers of Southern Africa—the Livingstones, Grants, and De Brazzas—but without fatigue or danger, of having discovered *unknown* lands—lands near us, nevertheless, and well worthy to attract the attention of tourists from all parts of the world.

Never does the traveller without agreeable surprise traverse Louisiana for the first time, and find the land inhabited by a healthy, vigorous, amiable, and industrious people, dwelling in neat and often elegant homes, surrounded by richly cultivated fields, and a semi-tropical vegetation unlike any in the Northern United States or Europe. An infinity of bayous (little water-courses created by the infiltrations of the Mississippi, therefore termed by the Indians Meschacébé—"father of waters") serve as highways of communication for the population. Nothing could be at once more convenient and more charming than these self-moving highways; they convey produce and merchandise cheaply, and their banks, bordered with magnificent sugar or cotton plantations, alternately and almost without transition offer to the traveller's gaze the splendors of the virgin forest, with its lianas and birds of a thousand hues, or the highest manifestations of industrial enterprise and successful modern agriculture.

Therefore Louisiana does not feel the need of railroads to the same degree as the States of the North and East. Steamboats find a facile route for the transportation to market of her rich and varied products. To-day, nevertheless, a number of railroads traverse the State, which will soon have little cause to envy even those countries most favored in regard to means of communication.

In Louisiana, railroads will find a profitable traffic, especially in those natural products which give nutrition to a duplicate industry, at once agricultural and mechanical. These products consist of tobacco, rice, cotton, and sugar, all of which must pass through sundry manipulations of an industrial character before being delivered for consumption. Sugar especially is rather a manufactured article than an agricultural product, strictly speaking. It constitutes, however, the principal object of agricultural and mechanical industry in Louisiana.

The soil of this State is especially adapted to the cultivation of the sugar-cane. That soil, as everybody knows, has been formed by the slow deposits of the Mississippi, and excepting the Delta of the Nile, there is probably no soil richer, more substantial, or deeper, than the alluvial lands which border the Mexican Gulf at the mouths of the great river.

These lands never suffer from drought—so inimical to the sugar-cane in most tropical countries—inasmuch as they are intersected in every direction by water-courses. As a consequence of these favorable conditions, Louisiana vegetation preserves its freshness and its beauty through the hottest period of the dog-days, and even into the coldest months of winter.

The cold spells, indeed, constitute one of the main disadvantages of sugar culture along the borders of the Mississippi. But it would be erroneous, nevertheless, to suppose that culture inferior in productiveness to any other in the world. Premature cold may, indeed, occasionally diminish the profits of the planter, but what form of agricultural industry, in any part of the world, can assure its undertakers against all chances of loss?

The cultivation of the sugar-cane in Louisiana gives results far superior to any which the European planter can hope to obtain from the beet root. Twelve tons of sugar to the acre, even if well-manured soil, is considered a good crop in Germany, while twenty and twenty-five tons to the acre is a result commonly obtained in Louisiana, with no other manure than young bean stalks worked into the soil. The German beet root, richest of all, contains about twelve per cent. of sugar, while the sugar-cane contains from fourteen to eighteen per cent. of saccharine matter. Moreover, cane-growing is infinitely less costly and laborious than beet-root culture, and even the treatment of cane juice far more facile than that of beet-root sap, for it needs only to be boiled in the first vessel at hand, and skimmed like the contents of a soup pot, to yield a saccharine product of highly agreeable taste, and fit for immediate consumption.

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Stephana had now reached a crisis in her singular career. She awaited a mandate from the unseen world as confidently as those who live according to ordinary methods look for the usual deliverance from a dilemma, expecting, maybe, the interference of happy chance, maybe a wise counsel of friend, or lastly a clearer understanding on their own part. To Stephana no such solution suggested itself. She should be duly enlightened, but neither from within nor without, as far as the actual world and her own individual life were concerned. The voice, inaudible to others, would reach her obsequious ears from afar. The monition would come from no earthly counsellor.

Looking back and recollecting every incident that linked the present with the departure from Italy, she could understand why the last strange summons should have come in the name of Valerian. What an errand was hers! To force a lie into the light from a darkness in which it had been hid for years, to bring, as she felt she must and should, mother and son together, to sway two mundane natures to her will, and touch their careless spirits to finer issues: here, indeed, was a mission that might well claim her life for a time. But for a time only. Stephana looked far beyond the horizon of an existence that should mean fireside concord and a perfect harmony between Christina, Valerian, and herself. When the looked-for reconcilement had been brought about between these two, and her own relations with Valerian determined for once and for all, then, and not till then, should she begin to live indeed.

Her soul exulted and her heart danced as she contemplated this prospect, for she saw now how her supreme wishes and most cherished ideals might one by one be realized. Unworldly though she was, she knew well enough that wealth is the key to most doors, and that the would-be regenerator of his age and benefactor of his kind must possess not only Will, but Power, the spirit to stir the few, and the material force to move the many. She was already rich, Christina was richer still, and their combined fortunes would form a mighty engine indeed, if only Valerian could be taught to work it aright. Sitting down deliberately to count up the aggregate of Christina's fortune and her own, Stephana's eyes grew almost supernaturally bright, and her pale cheeks glowed with exultation. Could she only sway Christina and Valerian to her purpose, not one of the magnanimous schemes she had dreamed of need be given up. The accumulated hoardings of the Hermitage-Gossip house would at last be appropriated to noble uses. One chapter of their family history, and that a sordid one, would be thus closed forever, and a shining page begun. "I do believe your riches burden you as much as an evil conscience. It is no crime to be born a millionaire!"

Miss Hermitage had often made this remark to Stephana, and in a measure it was true. The enormous and for the most part idly squandered wealth of her kinsfolk did lie like a heavy weight on Stephana's mind. She could not charge herself with undue softness and luxurious living, and Mr. Constantine's money had served the public weal rather than his own interests. But the expensive, the lavish Christina! The wine that sparkled in her crystal, the outlandish cates that furnished her table, the gauds, the frivolities, the merry-making from day to day! Such a spectacle filled her with a feeling akin to despair. And although she exuberated now in the thought that this had come to an end, and that at least Christina's life would never be child's play any more, she could not yet see how all the rest that she hoped for was to come to pass. How was this hard nature to be made malleable, this iron will to be subdued? But Christina at one with her; Christina moved to an unselfish or single-minded impulse! Then Stephana's own path as a social reformer would be smoothed, and not one of her bright dreams but might be realized.

Two immediate purposes, therefore, at this moment, occupied Stephana's thoughts. She must first reach Christina's conscience, then touch her heart; begin by reconciling her with God, and end by reconciling her with Valerian. All as yet was dark about her path; Christina was feeble, fretful, yielding in small things, but unapproachable on the subject of her private affairs and Valerian. For the first time in her life Stephana failed to fascinate and influence as she willed. That strange power exercised by her over her fellows, and hitherto regarded by all who knew her as irresistible, seemed inert or inadequate. Less the power than the will, indeed, was with Stephana now. She felt strangely alienated from her kinswoman, just when excessive pitifulness would have served her purpose better. One of those subtle antipathies witnessed among blood-relations was at work here, and, do what she would, Stephana could not wholly overcome it. Then it came about that her eyes seemed cold, her voice unsympathetic to Christina. The wondrously insinuating sweetness and soothingness that had always appeared part of Stephana's self were gone, and a certain pensiveness had overtaken her. The cheerfulness, the animation, the subdued fire of other days were vanished also.

"We are all very dull," said Miss Hermitage one day. "I do wish, Stephana, you would persuade your blind friend Mr. Markham to accompany Colette and myself to Italy. Italy always amuses me, and Mr. Markham is poor. He would consent, I feel sure."

Stephana suddenly became her old sportive, seductive self. "Dear Christina," she said, seating herself at her cousin's feet, and holding her hands, "will you let me cozen you into one thing, a very little thing for you? Mr. Markham will do anything I ask him. But I must be bribed into the asking."

"You want money out of me for what you call your causes," Miss Hermitage replied, smiling ironically. "Well, how much? A hundred pounds?"

"The cost of one of your gala gowns—a few exotics! Is Mr. Markham's company worth no more?" Stephana continued, still gay and genial. "No, cousin, a hundred pounds is so small a sum to you that it is not worth bargaining for. What I want now is no more nor less than five thousand pounds."

"You are dreaming!" Christina retorted, with scorn. "Much good would five thousand pounds do in your hands! Philanthropy does no good. We see this every day. The more rich people give away, the more poor ones there are."

"There are other things to be given away besides soup tickets and flannel petticoats," Stephana replied, in her turn caustic and bitter. "Though I do not know that money is worse squandered on these than on strawberries at Christmas," she added, with a playful scorn. "Then you will not give me five thousand pounds?"

"You are dreaming," was the ironical reply. "But to be serious. Write to Mr. Markham. Make the proposal to him. I must have him in Italy."

But Stephana shook her head.

"It is really very unkind of you, Stephana," said Miss Hermitage, fretfully. "You really seem to take pleasure in thwarting me, although you are amiable to every one else. I will write to Constantine, then. He can surely find some one entertaining and clever to go with us to Italy."

"You will not think me unkind when you know everything," Stephana answered. "I can not tell you yet."

"Always dark and oracular! Well, Colette shall have my trunk packed, and off we will go by ourselves. This humdrum life is killing me."

No more was said. Preparations were made for the Italian journey, and it seemed to Stephana that all chance of the desired reconciliation was over, at least for a time. The travellers proposed to start in a few days, not to return till the spring, and where then would they find Valerian? Not in England, certainly, thought Stephana; and as she pondered on what had just taken place, the first strange phase of the life she had planned by Valerian's side wore a look of comfort. Under no large Southern stars and warm azure skies, amid no orange and lemon groves, should their days be spent, islanded from ice and frost and common cares. A hard lot for a while must they lead, yet as she pictured it now her heart bounded. At least there would be sympathy in that home in store for her, the serviceableness born of joy and gratitude. The devotion that breathed through every line of Valerian's letters augured well for the future. He loved her, and she could only give a hearty affection in return. But had either of them a right to be dissatisfied with such a compact? The best part of life is made up of thought and deed, not sentiment, held Stephana.

"I have had my romance, my delusion. He insists on having his. 'Twere hard were we not henceforth able to leave off dreaming, and live indeed."

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was the eve of Christinas's departure. The trunks were packed. The courier had arrived. The paragon of a cicerone found by Mr. Constantine was expected every moment. At noon next day the little party, consisting of half a dozen persons, would be on the road.

Miss Hermitage had not been so enterprising since the occurrences of New-Year's Day. She still liked travel for travel's sake. Novelty in the most ordinary circumstance diverted her. A prospect pleased, if for no other reason, because she gazed on it for the first time. The serving-maids who waited on her for a day only were always delightful.

Unaccustomed meats, irrespective of quality, tickled her palate. In fact, like many another, she would have declared life perfect if no day ever resembled its predecessor. The mere prospect of getting away from England, even now, was alone enough to put her in spirits. She was leaving Stephana and Valerian behind, and in Italy there would be no embodiments of Conscience and Retribution. There her history, past and present, could concern no one. In whatever delicious place she might halt, she was but one rich woman more, to be welcomed and pampered and bent knee to accordingly. Travel, if it does nothing else for us, at least brings out the amiable aspect of money. Wit, beauty, distinction, all outward insignia, vanish. We are mere money-spenders, not men or women, hardly human beings.

Picturing to herself all the pleasant little nothings that were now to be her daily portion, Miss Hermitage was suddenly discomposed by one of those phenomenal storms that happen from time to time in midwinter, sleet and hail coming close upon thunder and lightning, and a lurid sky and heavy air oppressing us when the logs crackle on the hearth. Miss Hermitage could never relish storms. She liked nature, as well as human kind, to be always in a bright, careless mood. A summer tempest in February seemed, moreover, so abnormal as to prognosticate evil haps. There were the cold white flakes falling and the lightning ablaze at the same moment, whilst the iciness of the atmosphere was suddenly turned to sultriness and languor.

"I am suffocating. Will no one relieve me by opening the window?" she cried, fretfully.

Colette and the maids flew to do her behest, but it was beyond their power. A wild wind sent the sleet swirling madly in all directions, and drove it through every aperture into the room. It was necessary to make the windows doubly secure. Some dire mischief seemed imminent. Not only the especial congeries of buildings in which they lived, but the whole town, seemed threatened by the storm. Wind and thunder, hail and waves—for the sea was in hearing—made up a horrid tumult, whilst the vivid flashes of lightning but heightened the prevailing gloom. It was broad daylight, yet it was night. The dog-days had come in winter.

Miss Hermitage knew no fear, but the storm perturbed her, and gave a sensation of eeriness. She could not shake off the rustic superstitiousness in which she had been brought up, and which ever associated phenomenal occurrences with especial interpositions of the Divine displeasure. This terrific hurricane she knew could but be working all kinds of disaster by land and sea, and why should it happen just when she was on the point of hiding herself from conscience and duty, fleeing from these to lazy pleasures? Must there not be some visitation here, some portent pointed at herself? The rocking of this solidly built house on its very foundations, the din and clatter within, the elemental hurly-burly without, not frightening her in themselves, inspired a terror of another kind. The voice of the thunder reached her inner ear. The lightning endowed her with spiritual vision. Yes, she saw it now. Stephana was right. She had been wicked toward Valerian. She must make atonement. It was characteristic of Christina that such thoughts should not have troubled her till now, and that so long as she felt her secret absolutely safe she in no wise concerned herself about the sin. It happened in her case as it often will, that the verdict of others made the wrong-doing apparent, and brought conviction to the culprit. She had seen her conduct in its proper light by the aid of Stephana's rebuke. Yet until now, although humiliated and put out of countenance by good opinions forfeited and daily existence unhinged, the lapse in itself had brought no contrition. The unpleasant consequences lost to sight, she should go on living after the old plan, she said to herself, and the world would be as easy and agreeable as if there were no Valerian in it.

Swiftly and unawares, however, by means not of human suasion or interference, but, as she interpreted it, an awful monition of nature, she was troubled with a feeling akin to remorse. She should start for Italy on the morrow all the same; she felt no qualms of conscience at quitting Valerian without a word of advice; but she would make some sort of satisfaction to Stephana. All the money she wanted, as Miss Hermitage supposed, for Valerian, she should have, and that ungrudgingly. "Where is Stephana? Will no one bring Stephana to me?"

The query was made in a pettish voice again and again, but without response. The appalling nature of the storm, indeed, and its extraordinary grandeur as a spectacle, were occupying the minds of her household. The men had so far forgotten decorum as to quit their posts and seek some better vantage-ground out-of-doors; the women had separated into detachments, the timid hiding themselves in the cellars, the valorous watching the lightning on the sea from the attics. Formerly, and under ordinary circumstances, Miss Hermitage would have overlooked such neglect, for she was the easiest task-mistress in the world, always making allowance for her servants when in quest of amusement. The more amusement they got, the better their work was done, she would say. But she was no longer her old self. The shock of that unforgetable New-Year's Day had left her nerveless and feeble; it seemed a personal grievance to be thus left alone when every storm gust threatened to force in the windows or bring down the tiles. She was shivering from cold too, for the fire had been allowed to burn low, and the oppressiveness of a quarter of an hour ago was changed to chilliness, whilst for a few minutes the flashes of lightning were awful in their vividness. Not twice in a lifetime do we behold a like spectacle, the broad span of heavens and the troubled deep as if in one vast conflagration, hardly a perceptible interval between blaze and blaze, hardly a lull between peal and peal, heralds it might be of doom to many both on land and sea.

Miss Hermitage rang the bell, but that summons was unnoticed; then she went to the foot of the stairs and called Colette, but no Colette came. Something must have happened, she now said to herself, some one of her household perhaps had received injury from the lightning. How unkind not to come to her!

In this momentary dejection she for the first time realized the awfulness there may be in solitude. She was troubled in mind, and she was alone. What if harm had happened to Colette? She should then be alone indeed, and alone for the rest of her days as she was at this moment. How different it might have been! Affection might have been hers, and all kinds of domestic joys. These things were out of her reach now, but she would fain make her peace with Stephana—Stephana, who understood how the debts of conscience are acquitted; Stephana, who seemed to her imagination an embodiment of Justice blindfold with scales in her hand. Could she but satisfy Stephana, she should be able to enjoy herself in Italy as in the old days.

At last Colette did come, the faithful little woman appearing out of breath and out of countenance.

"Why do you leave me alone?" said Christina, querulously. "You know I am not well. A very little thing upsets me now. And the fire is very low. I am shivering with cold."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

"I have been looking for Stephana," replied Colette, apologetically. Then she put a shawl round her friend's shoulders, and piled the fire with logs.

"What is Stephana doing? Why does she not bear us company at such a time?" asked Christina, in the same fretful voice.

"Stephana can not come," Colette said, mysteriously.

"Then let us go to her. Why should she shut herself up in the midst of a storm like this? There is positive danger for every one of us."

Colette still looked enigmatic. "The storm is abating," she said. "I have told the maids to come down-stairs and prepare tea. But Stephana can not come."

"Has anything happened to her, or to anybody in the house?" asked Christina, sharply.

"What should happen?" was the reply, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders. "We must do without her company for a time. That is all."

"I am sure something strange has come to pass. Am I not to know?"

"Strange things are always coming to pass where Stephana is concerned," Colette made reply, with an odd smile. "Let us take our tea cozily, and watch the storm-clouds divide. See the lightning. How it diminishes!"

But Miss Hermitage would not be quieted. She would go to Stephana, she said. Something had happened of which Colette dared not tell.

"Indeed and indeed no harm has come to her," Colette replied. Then finding that the other was determined to see for herself, she followed her upstairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ATLANTIC CITY.

What Long Branch is to New York, Atlantic City is to Philadelphia; but while the two places have many features in common, their local colorings are as distinctive as those of the great cities of which they are recreative resorts. In summer Long Branch is cosmopolitan, and Atlantic City is Philadelphian; in winter the former is deserted, and the latter becomes a sanitarium, attracting invalids from all parts of the country.

Atlantic City is sixty-five miles from Philadelphia, or an hour and a half's run by train. It covers the greater part of an island nine miles long and from a hundred yards to a mile wide, and is twenty-eight years old. Its streets and avenues are broad, straight, planted with great numbers of well-grown shade trees, and bordered with the summer homes of city men. Many of the cottages are architectural gems, and all are attractive and pretty. Many of the hotels, of which there are a dozen first-class, and a hundred more of various degrees of excellence, front on the ocean, though set well back from the beach. In front of them, and offering an unobstructed view of the beach, the bathers, and the limitless expanse of ocean stretching away to its far horizon, is the board walk and the great pier reaching far out over the waters. This is the promenade, the centre of life and interest; everybody strolls over the two miles of board walk in search of exercise or amusement, and everybody visits the pier for a few breaths of the very purest and freshest ocean air. Here congregate the photographers, who solicit you "to be took with your lady, and keep the picter as a sowvenyeer," and the itinerant venders of views, curiosities, edibles, and trinkets, the weighing-machine men, and the test-your-lungs men. As a study of some of the most unique phases of human character, a stroll down the board walk at Atlantic City is worth a year of ordinary life. Its infinite variety preserves it from monotony, and never does it present the same aspect two days in succession.

Bathing here attains a popularity unknown to more northern resorts, the near approach of the Gulf Stream to this point increasing the temperature of the water to a delightful degree, and taking from it the bitter chill from which so many would-be bathers shrink. Hotel life at Atlantic City is never wildly gay; the hotel hops are decorous affairs, enjoyed principally by the children, who monopolize the floor during the early portion of the evening, and there is none of the bubbling hilarity produced by the intoxicating air of mountain resorts, or the sense of freedom conveyed by the remoteness of a Mount Desert. Here the sea air produces a drowsiness, a desire for quiet and complete rest, an inclination to sit on the piazza and listen to the music rather than to go inside and dance, and a preference for a quiet stroll on the beach in congenial company, or with a meditative cigar over more active forms of exercise. In winter, when the majority of the guests are invalids, any but the mildest forms of dissipation are of course out of the question; and it is only during Lent, when the more extravagant gayeties of the rest of the world are temporarily suspended, that Atlantic City becomes the scene of genuine fun and frolic. During the past two seasons it has been the generally acknowledged correct thing among the most exclusively fashionable circles of New York and Philadelphia to form Lenten parties for Atlantic City. Upon the advent of Lent some good-natured married lady of unimpeachable social standing organizes a party of from a dozen to twenty young people, and offers to chaperon them to Atlantic City. They go for a week or ten days, often staying longer, and while they are there the heretofore quiet hotels ring with the sounds of music, dancing, and merry laughter. The more sober-minded invalids gaze with a mild surprise not unmixed with pleasure at these jolly parties, and by force of example become more energetic and inclined to forget their invalidism. The languor of summer does not exist in the brisk sea-breezes of early spring which sing and whistle around the cottage gables and through the bare trees, and instead of saunterings on the beach or loungings on the piazzas it inspires the members of these Lenten parties with longings for the vigorous exercise of brisk walks and long horseback rides. From these they return with such glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes, and keen appetites that the mere sight of them is a better advertisement of Atlantic City air as a tonic than all the books that could be written.

On account of the propinquity of the Gulf Stream already mentioned, the configuration of its coast, and the absence of adjacent high hills or mountain ranges, Atlantic city enjoys a peculiarly equable climate. Its winters are as mild as those of Charleston, and its summers are never as warm as those of New York or Boston. Last year the lowest average of temperature for a winter month was 34°, and during the summer the highest average for a month was 77°.

SALMON-FISHING.

Volumes have been devoted to salmon-fishing without exhausting its capabilities, for the fisherman is an unselfish being who likes to inspire his readers with an equal enthusiasm in his breezy and attractive pastime. The time, indeed, is fast approaching when the only solace to the would-be angler will be to read of the exploits of those who came before him. The days of the salmon, like those of all other game—fish, bird, or beast—are numbered.

The variety referred to in this article is the silver or migratory salmon, which, on the breaking up of the ice in the rivers in the spring, leaves the sea, and proceeds toward the head-waters of the streams to deposit its spawn. Comparatively but a few years since, every river debouching into the Atlantic north of the forty-first parallel was plentifully stocked with this noble fish. Observers as late even as the year 1815 have recorded the fact that in certain Canadian streams the salmon swarmed so thickly that "they were thrown out of the water with the shovel, and even the hand." Through the destructiveness and cupidity of man the invariable result has followed. Had it not been for the efforts of the Canadian government, which took possession of all streams flowing through the crown lands, the salmon would have been exterminated. These streams are leased for five years, and are divided into net-fishings and fly-fishings. The authorities exercise a despotic and absolute control, the result of which is seen in an increase of fifty per cent. in the annual take of fish. Had the United States government been permitted to assume a similar supervision, honestly enforced, those of our rivers which formerly abounded in salmon would not to-day have been reduced to utter barrenness. A case in point is found in the Columbia River in Oregon. On its banks vast canneries for tinning salmon have been erected. Every device which ingenuity can suggest has been employed to capture the fish on their annual migration to its head-waters. Wheels are erected at certain falls or steep rapids; the fish are drawn into these, and whirled upward into pools, whence they are dipped with nets. Those of under-size, or unfit for the purposes of canning, are not returned to the waters, but are allowed to rot on the banks of the river. One would fancy that common prudence would suggest a less profligate course.

So soon as the ice leaves the rivers the salmon commence to ascend them. Their progress is slow, as they await the periodic occurrence of floods or very high water; hence they move only at intervals, resting for considerable periods at certain points. In the autumn they arrive at the spawning grounds. With the appearance of ice they return to the sea. The fish on their return present a very different appearance from that during their ascent. When on the way to the head-waters of the stream the male fish are made conspicuous by the lengthening of the under jaw until it forms a cartilaginous hook. This they use as a weapon in the combats which take place on the breeding grounds.

The salmon sometimes attains a weight of eighty pounds. This is exceptional, however. Those ordinarily taken with the fly vary between eight and twenty-five pounds. The peculiar richness of the flesh of the salmon is owing to the fatty curds found between the flakes of the flesh. These, unless the fish be preserved in ice within twelve hours of their capture, become rancid.

The open season for salmon-fishing is between the 1st of March and the 1st of August. For fly-fishing the season is extended to the 1st of September. The fish are at their acme of perfection about the first week in June. This is seen in the color of their flesh, which is of a deeper red, and correspondingly saturated with curd and albuminous fat.

Those who desire to rent Canadian salmon rivers or portions of the same must make application to the Superintendent of Fisheries. The northern shore of the St. Lawrence is divided into districts. The best and most important rivers lie below the mouth of the Saguenay. They are the St. Pancras, Mississiquik, the Grande and Petite Bergeronne, the Escoumins, Portneuf, Blanche, the Papinachois, Outardes, Manicouagan, St. Austin, Manitou, the Godbout, Trinity, Pentecost, Ste. Marguerite, the Moisic, Trout, St. John's, the Mingan, the Natashquan, the Musquarroo, and the Esquimaux.

Among these streams every variety of ground is met with: dense woods to the very edge of the stream; steep and rugged banks lined with immense bowlders, among which the angler, when he has struck a fish, must stumble and dodge as he follows down stream. On these wilder rivers only the most active and expert fisherman can succeed. Again, there are streams on which the canoe can be used; then the fishing is within the reach of the most plethoric and short-winded. On them all the black fly reigns supreme; not even princes are exempt from their attacks. To the hardest or easiest earned pleasure there is always a drawback. The black fly is the Nemesis which renders sport on the Canadian rivers a positive martyrdom. In this particular the salmon-fishing of Scotland and Norway is far more enjoyable. We have there the same wild and beautiful scenery, the pure and exhilarating air, without the attacks of annoying insects.

Many Americans have from time to time rented some one or other of these Canadian streams. It is a pleasure reserved only for men of fortune. The first outlay for rental is considerable, to say nothing of expenses of travel, outfit, and pay of guides; the last are indispensable.

Fly-fishing for salmon with the modern and latest gear is not excelled by any sport with rod or gun; it carries one into the wildest and most picturesque scenery of the continent. Buried in the wildernesses of the North, on the edge of a roaring, rushing stream, one can here, alone, in the excitement of playing a vigorous salmon, forget all the petty miseries and trials of life. Indeed, at such a moment there is not much time for any thought. If the fish is hooked in some quiet pool near a gravelly beach, the sting of the barb turns him down-stream. The fisherman, if he hopes to land him, must follow where he is led, now dashing on the edge of a precipitous bank, stumbling over the débris of fallen trees, or sliding and slipping amid rocks and bowlders. A momentary rest is secured when the fish sucks under some huge rock in mid-stream. It is an agreeable and welcome omen when one gets a glimpse of him throwing his tail in the air—a sign of growing weakness. After all the labor and fatigue, and the maddening attacks of the black fly, one's cup of bitterness is full when, just as he is about to be gaffed, he gives a last vigorous struggle, and darts away, carrying the fly with him.

The wise man who goes salmon-fishing will choose a river where he can fish from a canoe. There he works at his ease. The labor is assumed by the Indian guide, and the angler follows the doublings of the fish without barking his shins against every obstruction in his path. Were it not for the black flies, nothing could approach this most perfect form of enjoyment.

The effort has been made to restock certain rivers of the United States with the salmon. The experiment has been thoroughly tested in the Merrimac, the Connecticut, and the Hudson rivers. Millions of the fry have been liberated in the head-waters of these streams. The effort has resulted in failure, and will continue so to end until a new race of people, with more intelligence than those now in possession, shall inhabit the land. There is no reason why salmon should not be artificially hatched, and grow to maturity. The experiment already tried would have culminated in entire success but for one reason. It is the practice of persons, fishermen and others, living on our bays and rivers, to manure the land with fish. Variety or size is of no consequence; quantity alone is sought for. Now these people provide themselves with nets made of mosquito netting. These are several fathoms in length. In the warm days of early spring schools of small fry seek the shallow coves and eddies to bask and play in the sun. The fine-meshed seines are run around these, and all are captured, even to specimens a half-inch in size. These swarms of small fry are composed of every variety of fish—striped bass, blue-fish, weak-fish, all kinds of the young of edible fish. Indiscriminately all are thrown upon the land for manure. It is probable, indeed almost certain, that millions of the young salmon placed in the rivers above mentioned were caught in these seines and used as a fertilizer. The same processes are going on on the shores of our bays. The writer in the spring of the year has seen four or five different gangs of men engaged in netting these young fish. Curiosity has often led him to examine the catches, and he has seen millions of the young of our best food fishes thrown upon the land as manure. "What are you going to do about it?"

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Cholera is raging in China as well as in Egypt. Somebody has pointed out that the disease appears every seventeenth year, and the question whether it will skip New York on this round has awakened some interest. It is the opinion of Professor Loomis that there need be no fear of a cholera epidemic in this city, since the sanitary conditions here are better than ever before.

The South American cable has opened a new source of reports of revolutions for the daily press. It is a dull day in the Southern hemisphere when nothing revolutionary occurs. Cuba and Hayti are dwindling into insignificance.

It is a curious fact that after the many failures of attempts made by aeronauts to cross the English Channel in balloons, a man who ascended from a town in Belgium recently was blown over the water, and, descending upon the first land he saw, found himself in England.

The victim of a recent shooting affray in New Orleans was, according to a dispatch from that city, "a prominent city official and leading hoodlum of the Third Ward."

At a recent meeting in connection with the Fisheries Exhibition in London, Minister Lowell told the assemblage that so important was the calling of fishermen considered in the past that in the State-House at Boston a model of a cod-fish was hung up over the Speaker's chair as a public recognition thereof. This explanation dispels the theory that the emblem was raised as a recognition of the Beacon Hill aristocracy. The Minister from Greece might have outdone Mr. Lowell had he been so disposed, for he could have told how in ancient Greece, and in its city of which Boston claims to be the antitype, the fish was the emblem of things held sacred, and how much was made of the coincidence that each letter in the word ιχθυς was the initial letter of the name of a being possessing the attributes of divinity.

Under a law of New Jersey a woman was recently arrested as "a common scold," and put under bonds to appear for trial when summoned. The law has been practically a dead letter for many years, but the woman in question being an uncommon scold, the temptation to revive the statute was too great to be resisted.

Attention is called to the fact that no weather prophet was ever sun-struck. Where there is sun-stroke there must be brain.

Writing of American types, a German physiologist, Dr. Seelhorst, says the Americans have adopted many traits from the Jews, *i. e.*, "from the Indians, who have so much of the Jew in their physiognomy that among all the hypotheses concerning the origin of the Indians, not one is more obstinately adhered to or defended with more acuteness and science than that which assumes the lost ten tribes of Israel to have been the original ancestors of the Indians." Dr. Seelhorst believes that the resemblance between the Jewish and the Indian types, and between the manners, religious views, and customs of the two races, is as significant as the analogies that are said to exist between many Hebrew words and words found in the Indian tongues.

There is talk of digging cyclone pits in the Southwest, into which the inhabitants may descend when they hear the coming of a storm. With flood mounds which they could ascend when they heard the rushing of the waters, they would be fairly protected.

It seems to have been decided that when an accommodating housewife lends to a neighbor from her stores of baking powder, ginger, tea, or coffee she can have no redress if the borrower refuses to repay or to become a lender. In Georgia an old lady brought suit for eight dollars, her valuation of coffee lent at various times by the cupful to a neighbor. The suit was tried before a justice, and his honor decided in favor of the defendant housewife.

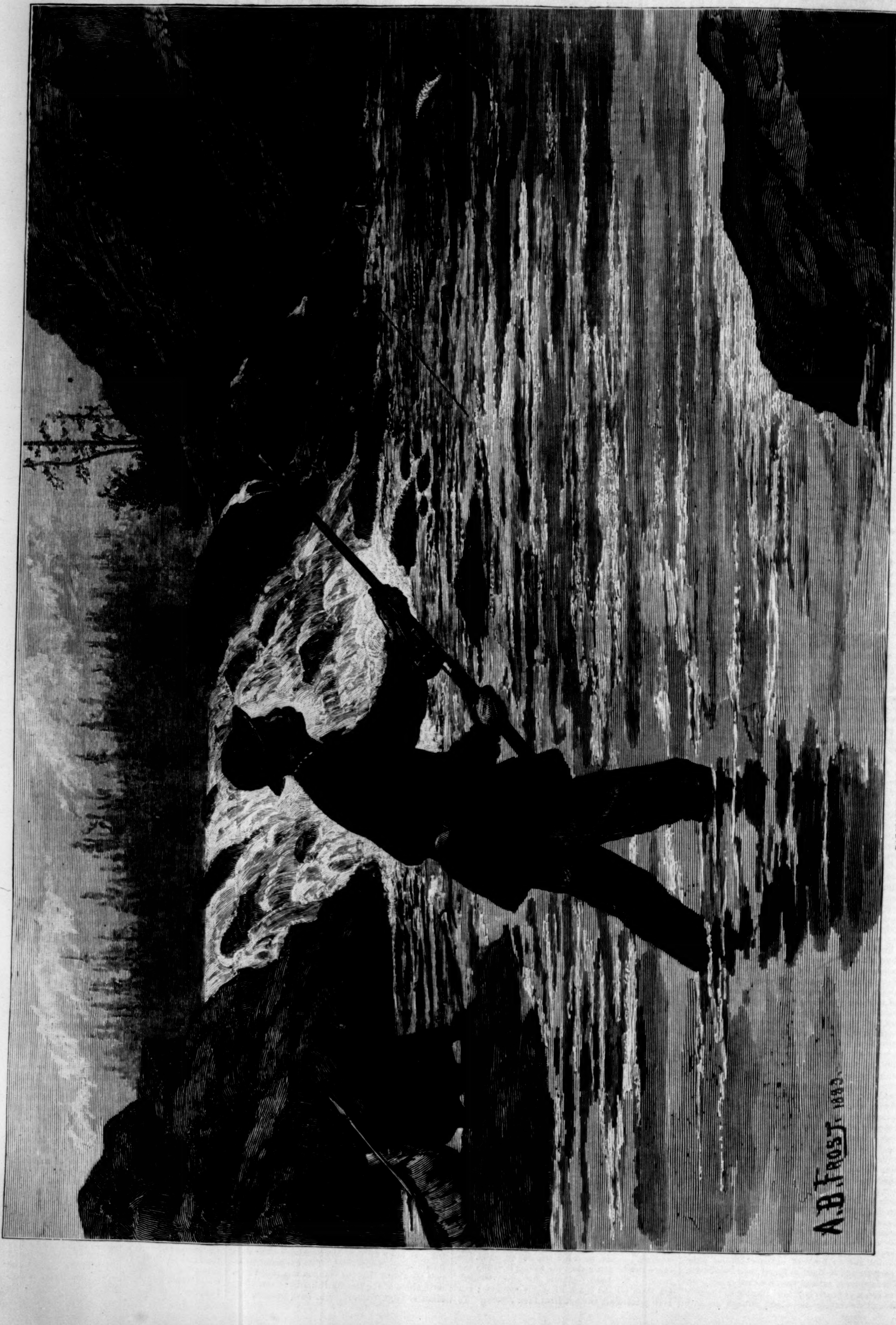
The Marquis de Lenville is producing something of a sensation in Paris as an "apostle" of broiled beefsteak. It is understood that he came from England. Where he came from when he arrived in England no one has told. He holds that every article of food except his chosen dish produces fermentation in the stomach and darkness in the intellect, and destroys noble aspirations. He has many invitations to dinners, but declines all of them on the ground that he would have to submit to the deteriorating influences of food other than broiled beefsteak if he were to accept. Where it is explicitly set forth that there is to be no dining, he sends his acceptance, and is counted as a great acquisition.

A farmer in Georgia whose field of a hundred acres of oats was destroyed by a recent flood finds that he is nevertheless a gainer. The mud has enhanced the value of the land by more than the value his crop of oats would have reached, and he is confident of still raising a large crop of corn on the land this season.

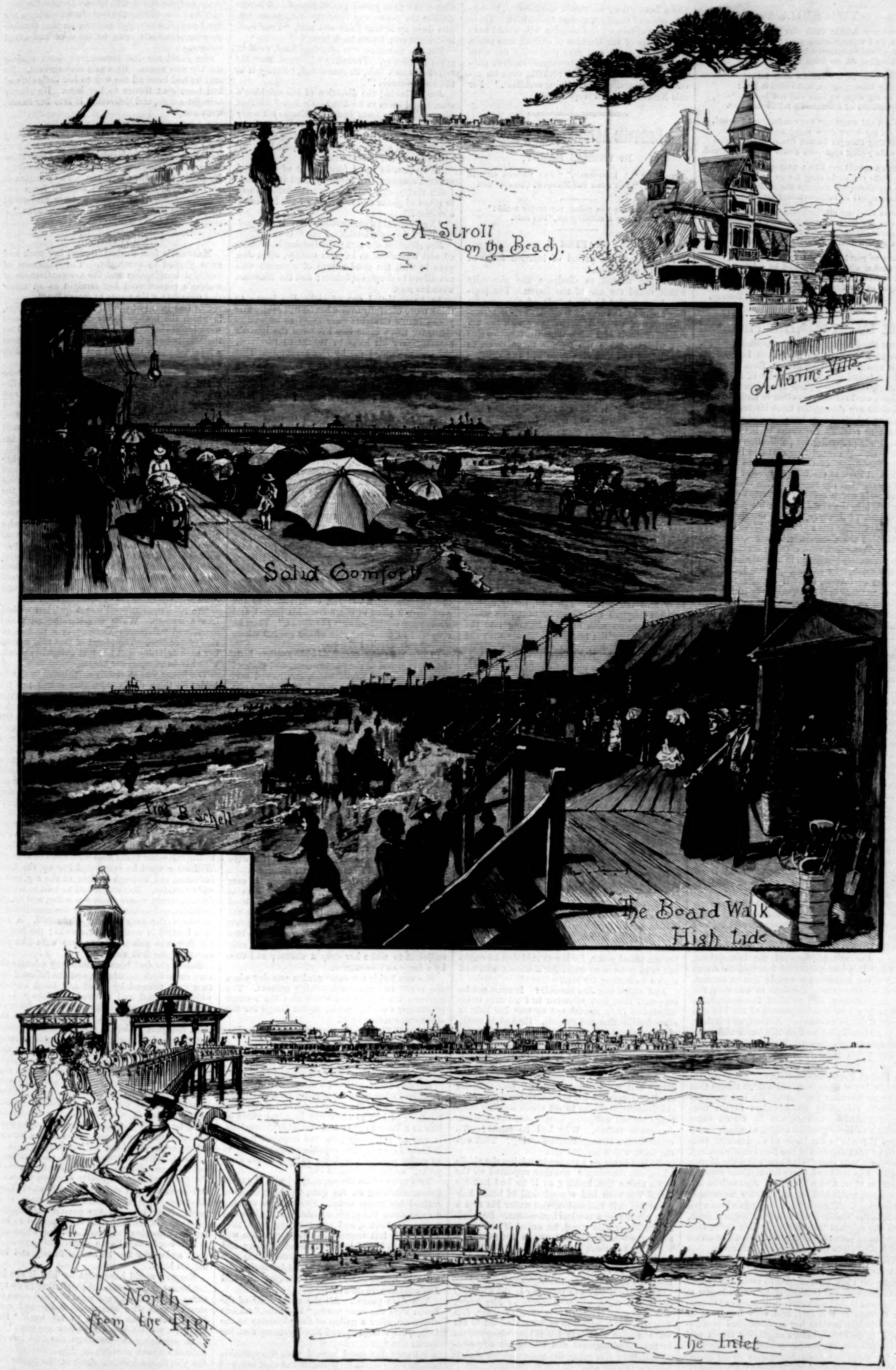
Tahoma, the name suggested for the new State which it is proposed to make out of a part of Washington Territory, is an Indian word, and signifies "almost to heaven." It wouldn't be a bad name for a French flat.

There are two post-offices a mile apart near the boundary between Canada and Michigan which can not communicate with each other by mail in less than about a week. When a letter is mailed in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, addressed to a person living just across the border, it goes to Detroit in the United States mail, crosses to Windsor, and is taken back over Canadian routes to within a mile of where it was mailed a week or ten days previously.

In a recent number of one of the London comic papers was an amusing pictorial illustration of what might come to pass in the event of the success of the Channel Tunnel scheme. A likeness of the British lion looking serenely toward the continent appeared in the conformation of the headland at Dover. Out upon the Channel, sitting astride a gun-boat, was John Bull in naval uniform, keeping watch through a spy-glass lest an enemy should surprise him. The picture showed the tunnel beneath the water, and that unguarded avenue of approach was fairly choked with enemies in the shape of representatives of the countries of Europe and Asia. The foremost belligerent had just emerged from the mouth of the tunnel, where he was waving a banner with "Cock-a-doodle-doo" inscribed on it, and executing a war-dance. Instead of being the forecast of a dreadful possibility, the picture will serve only to remind the English people of a horrid dream, the joint committee of the House of Lords and House of Commons having voted down the tunnel scheme by a decisive majority. On the day on which this vote was taken, however, a bill was introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies providing for the building of a railroad bridge from France to England. The peril arising from the success of such a scheme might not be less than that which the completion of a tunnel would bring, but the danger being above ground and water would be somewhat less horrifying to contemplate.


A.B. Frost 1883

SALMON-FISHING IN CANADIAN WATERS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 455.]


A Stroll on the Beach.
A Marine Villa
Solid Comfort
Fred B. Schell
The Board Walk High tide
North— from the Pier
The Inlet

SKETCHES IN ATLANTIC CITY.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 455.]

TWO SMILES.

I never knew delight until that day
  When, as I crossed a dusty city park,
  Thought-weary, tortured by forebodings dark,
A child smiled on me from its happy play.

Thenceforward all my fancies were intent
  On baby blisses, songs, and childish lore;
  And to my days, so lone and sad before,
The joyousness of childhood's mirth was lent.

And when old questions for resolvement pressed,
  And on my brow drew many an anxious line,
  A budding thought looked out to answer mine
From wide young eyes with doubt yet unoppressed.

Her purity upheld me like a prayer;
  And while old poets sang for us anew,
  Into my chastened thought the maiden grew
As a rose opens in rain-freshened air.

The years filled up a breach unseen before;
  Till one day made us one, in troth and heart,
  We never dreamed that we had been apart,
Until we knew that we should part no more.

No more to part! and yet erewhile she lay,
  And smiled with lips unruffled by a breath;
  And looking on the wan chill smile of death,
I thought of her first smile that far-off day.

Sherwood Bonner.

THE OBELISK-CRAB INSCRIPTIONS.*

When Commander Gorringe removed the Obelisk from Alexandria to New York he brought with it two mutilated bronzes in form of crabs, which he found under two corners of the shaft. On the gigantic claw of one there were two inscriptions, one in Greek, the other in Latin. These inscriptions are among the most interesting and important which have been discovered. The Commander retained the crabs in his own possession while preparing for publication a volume on obelisks, and caused four crabs to be cast in bronze, fac-similes of the originals, to stand in the Central Park at the four corners of the Obelisk, in somewhat the same position occupied by the originals which actually supported the great stone. While the crabs were in his possession, on the 15th of January, 1881, a meeting of the American Numismatic and Archæological Society was held at the Commander's rooms, at which Mr. G. L. Feuardent read a paper on the crabs, which the society published in a pamphlet. From his expression, "In examining these interesting fragments of bronze, etc.," it appears that the crabs were there examined, and it is stated that Mr. Foord and Mr. Phillips, as well as the Commander and Mr. Feuardent, discussed them. Mr. Feuardent professed to give critical readings of the inscriptions, with translations and explanations. This meeting and the pamphlet are important, as from this is to be traced a series of blunders which, uncorrected, would be far from creditable to the scholarship of the city of New York. Commander Gorringe does not profess to be an archæologist, and with the proverbial confidence of the sailor seems to have trusted the archæology of his book to Mr. Feuardent. He copied the pretended readings of the inscriptions several times in his costly publication, and, worse than all, they were engraved with the words, "Reproduced from the original," on the new crabs in the Park, and thus a series of errors in abominable Greek and untrue Latin have been perpetrated in bronze on the great monument.

When it became possible for scholars to see the original inscriptions deposited in the Museum of Art, the attention of President Barnard, of Columbia College, was called to the evident errors in the readings which had been published, and at his request Professor Augustus C. Merriam made a careful study of the originals. The result is the monograph now published. If the original errors were disgraceful to New York, this paper amply retrieves the disgrace. It is the thorough work of an accomplished and conscientious scholar, and indicates a vast extent of research and acute discrimination. Professor Merriam has literally exhausted the subject. He not only restores the lost portions of the inscriptions, but finds in other published inscriptions errors which these restorations enable him to correct, and aided by the few allusions to one man, the Prefect Barbarus, in published inscriptions, he constructs a considerable portion of the life of a Roman hitherto unknown. Not only to scholars, but to all intelligent readers, this paper will prove of extraordinary interest. The uninformed reader will judge from it of the grasp on hidden things in history which comes from scholarship like that of Professor Merriam.

But it is not alone with old hidden things that Professor Merriam has dealt. He was not content with correcting the blunders in the Gorringe-Feuardent readings, but he traced these readings to their genuine origin, to which no allusion is made in the book of Commander Gorringe or the pamphlet of the Numismatic Society. It appears that some years ago, when the British Obelisk was removed, these inscriptions were exposed to view, and a Greek in Alexandria, Mr. Nereutsos, published in an obscure newspaper his readings. These are the readings which were given to the Numismatic Society as new, although, with the original inscriptions before them, they might have been able to detect the manifest errors which Nereutsos in a hasty view had made.

The publication of this valuable monograph, with its accompanying fac-simile engravings, will enable the Park Commission to make the proper corrections on the Obelisk crabs. The lesson to be learned is that with such institutions as Columbia College in this city, and with hundreds of able scholars besides her accomplished professors, it is desirable, before engraving Greek and Latin inscriptions on public monuments, to consult some of these competent authorities. There is not a Sophomore in Columbia who would have been guilty of the blunder of cutting into two a good Greek word, and thus producing the atrocious collocation in the Gorringe-Feuardent publications, ΑΡΧΙΤΕΚΤΟΝ ΟΥΝΤΟΣ, with its accompanying translation, "Being architect." For this Nereutsos is not responsible.

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* *The Greek and Latin Inscriptions on the Obelisk Crab in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.* A Monograph by Augustus C. Merriam, Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of Greek in Columbia College. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER X.

A considerable period of inaction followed among all concerned.

Nothing tended to dissipate the obscurity which veiled the life of the Baron. The position he occupied in the minds of the country folk around was one which combined the mysteriousness of a legendary character with the unobtrusive deeds of a modern gentleman. To this day whoever takes the trouble to go down to Stickleford and make inquiries will find existing there almost a superstitious feeling for the moody, melancholy stranger who resided in the Lodge some forty years ago.

Whence he came, whither he was going, were alike unknown. It was said that his mother had been an English lady of noble family who had married a foreigner not unheard of in circles where men pile up "the cankered heaps of strange-achieved gold," that he had been born and educated in England, taken abroad, and so on. But the facts of a life in such cases are of little account beside the aspect of a life; and hence, though doubtless the years of his existence contained their share of trite and homely circumstance, the curtain which masked all this was never lifted to gratify such a theatre of spectators as those at Stickleford. Therein lay his charm. His life was a vignette, of which the central strokes only were drawn with any distinctness, the environment shading away to a blank.

He might have been said to resemble that solitary bird the heron. The still, lonely stream was his frequent haunt; on its banks he would stand for hours with his rod, looking into the water, beholding the tawny inhabitants with the eye of a philosopher, and seeming to say, "Bite or don't bite—it's all the same to me." He was often mistaken for a ghost by children; and for a pollard willow by men, when, on their way home in the dusk, they saw him motionless by some rushy bank, unobservant of the decline of day.

Why did he come to fish at Stickleford? That was never explained. As far as was known he had no relatives near; the fishing there was not exceptionally good; the society thereabout was decidedly meagre. That he had committed some folly or hasty act, that he had been wrongfully accused of some crime, thus rendering his seclusion from the world desirable for a while, squared very well with his frequent melancholy. But such as he was, there he lived, well supplied with fishing-tackle, and tenant of a furnished house, just suited to the requirements of such an eccentric being as he.

Margery's father, having privately ascertained that she was living with her grandmother, and getting into no harm, refrained from communicating with her, in the hope of seeing her contrite at his door. It had, of course, become known about Stickleford that at the last moment Margery refused to wed Hayward, by absenting herself from the house. Jim was pitied, yet not pitied much, for it was said that he ought not to have been so eager for a woman who had shown no anxiety for him.

And where was Jim himself? It must not be supposed that that tactician had all this while withdrawn from mortal eye to tear his hair in silent indignation and despair. He had, in truth, merely retired up the lonesome defile between the downs to his smouldering kiln, and the ancient ramparts above it; and there, after his first hours of natural discomposure, he quietly waited for overtures from the possibly repentant Margery. But no overtures arrived, and then he meditated anew on the absorbing problem of her skittishness, and how to set about another campaign for her conquest, notwithstanding his late disastrous failure. Why had he failed? To what was her strange conduct owing? That was the thing which puzzled him.

He had made no advance in solving the riddle when, one morning, a stranger appeared on the down above him, looking as if he had lost his way. The man had a good deal of black hair below his felt hat, and carried under his arm a case containing a musical instrument. Descending to where Jim stood, he asked if there was not a short-cut across that way to Budmouth.

"Well, yes, there is," said Jim. "But 'tis an enormous distance for ye."

"Oh yes," replied the musician. "I wish to intercept the carrier on the highway."

The nearest way was precisely in the direction of Rook's Gate, where Margery, as Jim knew, was staying. Having some time to spare, Jim was strongly impelled to make a kind act to the lost musician a pretext for taking observations in that neighborhood, and telling his acquaintance that he was going the same way, he started without further ado.

They skirted the long length of meads, and in due time arrived at the back of Rook's Gate, where the path joined the high-road. A hedge divided the public way from the cottage garden. Jim drew up at this point and said, "Your road is straight on; I turn back here."

But the musician was standing fixed, as if in great perplexity. Thrusting his hand into his forest of black hair, he murmured, "Surely it is the same—surely!"

Jim, following the direction of his neighbor's eyes, found them to be fixed on a figure till that moment hidden from himself—Margery Tucker—who was crossing the garden to an opposite gate with a little cheese in her arms, her head thrown back, and her face quite exposed.

"What of her?" said Jim.

"Two months ago I formed one of the band at the Yeomanry Ball given by Lord Blakemore. I saw that young lady dancing the polka there in robes of gauze and lace. Now I see her carry a cheese!"

"Never!" said Jim, incredulously.

"But I do not mistake. I say it is so!"

Jim ridiculed the idea; the bandsman protested, and was about to lose his temper, when Jim gave in with the good nature of a person who can afford to despise opinions; and the musician went his way.

As he dwindled out of sight Jim began to think more carefully over what he had said. The young man's thoughts grew quite to an excitement, for there came into his mind the Baron's extraordinary kindness in regard to furniture, hitherto accounted for by the assumption that the nobleman had taken a fancy to him. Could it be, among all the amazing things of life, that the Baron was at the bottom of this mischief, and that he had amused himself by taking Margery to a ball?

Doubts and suspicions which distract some lovers to imbecility only served to bring out Jim's great qualities. Where he trusted he was the most trusting fellow in the world; where he doubted he could be guilty of the slyest strategy. Once suspicious, he became one of those subtle, watchful characters who, without integrity, make good thieves; with a little, good jobbers; with a great deal, master politicians. Jim was honest, and he considered what to do.

Retracing his steps, he peeped again. She had gone in; but she would soon re-appear, for it could be seen that she was carrying little new cheeses one by one to a spring cart and horse tethered outside the gate—her grandmother, though not a regular dairy-woman, still managing a few cows by means of a man and maid. With the lightness of a cat Jim crept round to the gate, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and wrote upon the boarding "*The Baron.*" Then he retreated to the other side of the garden where he had just watched Margery.

In due time she emerged with another little cheese, came on to the garden door, and glanced upon the chalked words which confronted her. She started; the cheese rolled from her arms to the ground, and broke into pieces like a pudding.

She looked fearfully round, her face burning like sunset, and seeing nobody, stooped to pick up the flaccid lumps. Jim, with a pale face, departed as invisibly as he had come. He had proved the bandsman's tale to be true. On his way back he formed a resolution. It was to beard the lion in his den—to call on the Baron.

Meanwhile Margery had recovered her equanimity, and gathered up the broken cheese. But she could by no means account for the handwriting. Jim was just the sort of fellow to play her such a trick at ordinary times, but she imagined him to be far too incensed against her to do it now; and she suddenly wondered if it were any sort of signal from the Baron himself.

Of him she had lately heard nothing. If ever monotony pervaded a life it pervaded hers at Rook's Gate; and she had begun to despair of any happy change. But it is precisely when the social atmosphere seems stagnant that great events are brewing. Margery's quiet was broken first, as we have seen, by a slight start, only sufficient to make her drop a cheese; and then by a more serious matter.

She was inside the same garden one day when she heard two watermen talking without. The conversation was to the effect that the strange gentleman who had taken Mount Lodge for the season was seriously ill.

"How ill?" cried Margery through the hedge, which screened her from recognition.

"Bad abed," said one of the watermen.

"Inflammation of the lungs," said the other.

"Got wet, fishing," the first chimed in.

Margery could gather no more. An ideal admiration rather than any positive passion existed in her breast for the Baron: she had of late seen too little of him to allow any incipient views of him as a lover to grow to formidable dimensions. It was an extremely pure and romantic feeling, delicate as an aroma, capable of quickening to an active principle, or dying to "a painless sympathy," as the case might be.

This news of his illness, coupled with the mysterious chalking on the gate, troubled her, and revived his image much. She took to walking up and down the garden paths, looking into the hearts of flowers, and not thinking what they were. His last request had been that she was not to go to him if he should send for her; and now she asked herself was the name on the gate a hint to enable her to go without infringing the letter of her promise? Thus unexpectedly had Jim's manœuvre operated.

Ten days passed. All she could hear of the Baron were the same words, "Bad abed," till one afternoon, after a gallop of the physician to the Lodge, the tidings spread like lightning that the Baron was dying.

Margery distressed herself with the question whether she might be permitted to visit him and say her prayers at his bedside; but she feared to venture, and thus eight-and-forty hours slipped away, and the Baron still lived. Despite her shyness and awe of him she had almost made up her mind to call, when, just at dusk on that October evening, somebody came to the door and asked for her.

She could see the messenger's head against the low new moon. He was a man-servant. He said he had been all the way to her father's, and had been sent thence to her here. He simply brought a note, and delivering it into her hands, went away.

"Margery Tucker" (ran the note),—"They say I am not likely to live, so I want to see you. Be here at eight o'clock this evening. Come quite alone to the side door, and tap four times softly. My trusty man will admit you. The occasion is an important one. Prepare yourself for a solemn ceremony, which I wish to have performed while it lies in my power. Xanten."

CHAPTER XI.

Margery's face flushed up, and her neck and arms glowed in sympathy. The quickness of youthful imagination and the assumptiveness of woman's reason sent her straight as an arrow this thought: "He wants to marry me!"

She had heard of similar strange proceedings, in which the orange flower and the sad cypress were intertwined. People sometimes wished on their death-beds, from motives of esteem, to form a legal tie which they had not cared to establish as a domestic one during their active life.

For a few minutes Margery could hardly be called excited; she was excitement itself. Between surprise and modesty she blushed and trembled by turns. She became grave, sat down in the solitary room, and looked into the fire. At seven o'clock she rose resolved, and went quite tranquilly upstairs, where she speedily began to dress.

In making this hasty toilet nine-tenths of her care was given to her hands. The summer had left them slightly brown, and she held them up and looked at them with some misgiving, the fourth finger of her left hand more especially. Hot washings and cold washings, certain products from bee and flower known only to country girls, everything she could think of, were used upon those little sunburnt hands, till she persuaded herself that they were really as white as could be wished by a husband with a hundred titles. Her dressing completed, she left word with Edy that she was going for a long walk, and set out in the direction of Mount Lodge.

She no longer tripped like a girl, but walked like a woman. While crossing the park she murmured "Baroness Xanten" in a pronunciation of her own. The sound of that title caused her such agitation that she was obliged to pause, with her hand upon her heart.

The house was so closely neighbored by shrubberies on three of its sides that it was not till she had gone nearly round it that she found the little door. The resolution she had been an hour in forming failed her when she stood at the portal. While pausing for courage to tap, a carriage drove up to the front entrance a little way off, and peeping round the corner she saw alight a clergyman, and a gentleman in whom Margery fancied that she recognized a well-known solicitor from the neighboring town. She had no longer any doubt of the nature of the ceremony proposed. "It is sudden—but I must obey him!" she murmured, and tapped four times.

The door was opened so quickly that the servant must have been standing immediately inside. She thought him the man who had driven them to the ball—the silent man who could be trusted. Without a word he conducted her up the back staircase, and through a door at the top, into a wide corridor. She was asked to wait in a little dressing-room, where there was a fire, and an old metal-framed looking-glass over the mantel-piece, in which she caught sight of herself. A red spot burned in each of her cheeks; the rest of her face was pale; and her eyes were like diamonds of the first water.

Before she had been seated many minutes the man came back noiselessly, and she followed him to a door covered by a red and black curtain, which he lifted, and ushered her into a large chamber. A screened light stood on a table before her, and on her left the hangings of a tall dark four-post bedstead obstructed her view of the centre of the room. Everything here seemed of such a magnificent type to her eyes that she felt confused, diminished to half her height, half her strength, half her prettiness. The man who had conducted her retired at once, and some one came softly round the angle of the bed-curtains. He held out his hand kindly—rather patronizingly: it was the solicitor whom she knew by sight. This gentleman led her forward, as if she had been a lamb rather than a woman, till the occupant of the bed was revealed.

The Baron's eyes were closed, and her entry had been so noiseless that he did not open them. The pallor of his face nearly matched the white bed-linen, and his dark hair and heavy black mustache were like dashes of ink on a clean page. Near him sat the parson and another gentleman, whom she afterward learned to be a London physician; and on the parson whispering a few words the Baron opened his eyes. As soon as he saw her he smiled faintly, and held out his hand.

Margery would have wept for him, if she had not been too overawed and palpitating to do anything. She quite forgot what she had come for, shook hands with him mechanically, and could hardly return an answer to his weak "Dear Margery, you see how I am—how are you?"

In preparing for marriage she had not calculated on such a scene as this. Her affection for the Baron had too much of the vague in it to afford her trustfulness now. She wished she had not come. On a sign from the Baron the lawyer brought her a chair, and the oppressive silence was broken by the Baron's words.

"I am pulled down to death's door, Margery," he said; "and I suppose I soon shall pass through. . . . My peace has been much disturbed in this illness, for just before it attacked me I received—that present you returned, from which, and in other ways, I learned that you had lost your chance of marriage. . . . Now it was I who did the harm, and you can imagine how the news has affected me. It has worried me all the illness through, and I can not dismiss my error from my mind. . . . I want to right the wrong I have done you before I die. Margery, you have always obeyed me, and, strange as the request may be, will you obey me now?"

She whispered, or seemed to whisper, "Yes."

"Well, then," said the Baron, "these three gentlemen are here for a special purpose: one helps the body—he's called a physician; another helps the soul—he's a parson; the other helps the understanding—he's a lawyer. They are here partly on my account, and partly on yours."

The speaker then made a sign to the lawyer, who went out of the door. He came back almost instantly, but not alone. Behind him, dressed up in his best clothes, with a flower in his buttonhole and a bridegroom's air, walked—Jim.

CHAPTER XII.

Margery could hardly repress a scream. As for flushing and blushing, she had turned hot and turned pale so many times already during the evening that there was really now nothing of that sort left for her to do, and she remained in complexion much as before. Oh, the mockery of it! That secret dream—the sweet word "Baroness!" which had sustained her all the way along. Instead of a baron, there stood Jim, white-waistcoated, demure, every hair in place, and, if she mistook not, even a deedy spark in his eye.

Jim's surprising presence on the scene may be briefly accounted for. His resolve to seek an explanation with the Baron at all risks had proved unexpectedly easy; the interview had at once been granted, and then, seeing the crisis at which matters stood, the Baron had generously revealed to Jim the whole of his indebtedness to and knowledge of Margery. The truth of the Baron's statement, the innocent nature of the acquaintanceship, his sorrow for the rupture he had produced, were so evident that, far from having any further doubts of his patron, Jim frankly asked his advice on the next step to be pursued. At this stage the Baron fell ill, and desiring much to see the two young people united before his death, he had sent anew to Hayward, and proposed the plan which they were now about to attempt—a marriage at the bedside of the sick man by special license. The influence at Lambeth of some relatives of the Baron's, and the charitable bequests of his late mother to several deserving Church funds, were generally supposed to be among the reasons why the application for the license was not refused.

This, however, is of small consequence. The Baron probably knew, in proposing this method of celebrating the marriage, that his enormous power over her would outweigh any sentimental obstacles which she might set up—inward objections that, without his presence and firmness, might prove too much for her acquiescence. Doubtless he foresaw, too, the advantage of getting her into the house before making the individuality of her husband clear to her mind.

Now the Baron's conjectures were right as to the event, but wrong as to the motives. Margery was a perfect little dissembler on some occasions, and one of them was when she wished to hide any sudden mortification that might bring her into ridicule. She had no sooner recovered from her first fit of discomfiture than pride bade her suffer anything rather than reveal her absurd disappointment. Hence the scene progressed as follows:

"Come here, Hayward," said the invalid. Hayward came near. The Baron, holding her hand in one of his own, and her lover's in the other, continued, "Will you, in spite of your recent vexation with her, marry her now if she does not refuse?"

"I will, sir," said Jim, promptly.

"And Margery, what do you say? It is merely a setting of things right. You have already promised this young man to be his wife, and should, of course, perform your promise. You don't dislike Jim?"

"Oh, no, sir," she said, in a low, dry voice.

"I like him better than I can tell you," said the Baron. "He is an honorable man, and will make you a good husband. You must remember that marriage is a life contract, in which general compatibility of temper and worldly position is of more importance than fleeting passion, which never long survives. Now will you, at my earnest request, and before I go to the south of Europe to die, agree to make this good man happy? I have expressed your views on the subject, haven't I, Hayward?"

"To a T, sir," said Jim, emphatically, with a motion of raising his hat to his influential ally, till he remembered he had no hat on. "And though I could hardly expect Margery to gie in for my asking, I feels she ought to gie in for yours."

"And you accept him, my little friend?"

"Yes, sir," she murmured, "if he'll agree to a thing or two."

"Doubtless he will—what are they?"

"That I shall not be made to live with him till I am in the mind for it; and that my having him shall be kept unknown for the present."

"Well, what do you think of it, Hayward?"

"Anything that you or she may wish I'll do, my noble lord," said Jim.

"Well, her request is not unreasonable, seeing that the proceedings are, on my account, a little hurried. So we'll proceed. You rather expected this, from my allusion to a ceremony in my note, did you not, Margery?"

"Yes, sir," said she, with an effort.

"Good; I thought so; you looked so little surprised."

We now leave the scene in the bedroom for a moment to describe a very peculiar proceeding that might have been watched at that time in a spot not many yards off.

When the carriage seen by Margery at the door was driving up to Mount Lodge it arrested the attention not only of the young girl, but of a man who had for some time been moving slowly about the opposite lawn, engaged in some operation while he smoked a short pipe. A short observation of his doings would have shown that he was sheltering some delicate plants from an expected frost, and that he was the gardener. When the light at the door fell upon the entering forms of parson and lawyer—the former a stranger, the latter known to him—the gardener walked thoughtfully round the house. Reaching the small side entrance he was further surprised to see it noiselessly open to a young woman, in whose momentarily illumined features he recognized those of Margery Tucker.

Altogether there was something curious in this. The man returned to the lawn front and perfunctorily went on putting shelters over certain plants, though his thoughts were plainly otherwise engaged. On the grass his footsteps were noiseless, and the night moreover being still, he could presently hear a murmuring from the bedroom window over his head.

The gardener took from a tree a ladder that he had used in nailing that day, set it under the window, and ascended half-way, hoodwinking his conscience by seizing a nail or two with his hand and testing their twig-supporting powers. He soon heard enough to satisfy him. The words of the marriage service in the strange parson's voice were audible in snatches through the blind; they were the words he knew to be part of the service, such as "wedded wife," "richer or poorer," and so on; the less familiar parts being a mere confused sound.

Satisfied that a wedding service was being solemnized there, the gardener did not for a moment dream that one of the contracting parties could be other than the sick Baron. He descended the ladder and again walked round the house, waiting only till he saw Margery emerge from the same little door; when, fearing that he might be discovered, he withdrew in the direction of his own cottage.

This building stood at the lower corner of the garden, and as soon as the gardener entered he was accosted by a handsome woman in a widow's cap, who called him father, and said that supper had been ready for a long time. They sat down, but during the meal the gardener was so abstracted and silent that his daughter put her head winningly to one side and said, "What is it, father dear?"

"Ah, what is it!" cried the gardener. "Something that makes very little difference to me, but may be of great account to you, if you play your cards well. *There's been a wedding at the Lodge to-night!*" He related to her, with a caution to secrecy, all that he had heard and seen.

While the gardener was telling his story, Margery was on her way out of the Baron's house. She was, indeed, married. But, as we know, she was not married to the Baron. The ceremony over she seemed but little discomposed, and expressed a wish to return alone as she had come. To this, of course, no objection could be offered under the terms of the agreement, and wishing Jim a frigid good-by, and the Baron a very quiet farewell, she went out by the door which had admitted her. Once safe and alone in the darkness of the park, she burst into tears, which dropped upon the grass as she passed along. In the Baron's room she had seemed scared and helpless; now her reason and emotions returned. The farther she got away from the glamour of that room, and the influence of its occupant, the more she became of opinion that she had acted absurdly. She had disobediently left her father's house to obey him here. She had pleased everybody but herself.

However, thinking was now too late. How she got into her grandmother's house she hardly knew; but without a supper, and without confronting either her relative or Edy, she went to bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

HOT WATER AND COLD.

My own education in figure-skating had not carried me beyond the power to accomplish large wavering 8's, and to execute an occasional hasty 3, and sit down heavily at the end of it; but for speed and long distances I was as good as anybody. Nothing, therefore, could have been more natural than that my manly form should have been constantly seen hovering in close proximity to that graceful one which had so provoked Sir Digby's envy; and I dare say that when the old gentleman beheld the two of us together he became less resigned to the drawbacks of age than ever.

Maud and I traversed miles of ice without interruption or hinderance; it was a glorious time. Before us, as we swept southward and westward with long even strokes, hung the red sun, like a huge lamp behind the mists; every now and again a lonely skater would loom up ahead, come tearing past us, and be gone before I had had time to do more than call out, "Hullo, George! is that you?" From afar the voices and laughter of our more gregarious neighbors came to us in a confused murmur, and sometimes there would be the chink, chink, of a stone skimming across the ice, which, like the tinkling of the mower's scythe upon the whetstone, is one of the most delightful sounds that can strike the ear, though I am not enough of a theoretical musician to say why. The swift motion, the exhilarating freshness of the keen air, the sense of liberty, combined to excite my youthful brain and to stir up in it bold imaginings and hopes, some of which occasionally struggled lamely into speech, leaving me much confused and my companion supremely unconscious. Under such circumstances as these it was not likely that I should bother my head much about Mrs. Farquhar.

And yet Mrs. Farquhar's name was frequently upon our lips during those short—too short—winter afternoons. I was too timid, too inexperienced, perhaps almost too much in earnest, to lead the conversation often into that tender channel toward which my heart inclined me. I was not profoundly interested in the Rector's rheumatism, nor did Maud care to be told more than three or four times of the relaxations of undergraduate existence. This left us with a limited range of subjects, and so Mrs. Farquhar came in for a somewhat unduly large share of our attention. It was thus that I learned by degrees the history of those unhappy parochial dissensions narrated at the beginning of the present chapter. It was only by degrees that I reached the facts, for Maud was proud, and did not like either to confess or complain of her discomfiture; but little by little the whole story came out, and I was magnanimous enough to refrain from saying, "I told you so." It is, of course, quite obvious to me now that Miss Dennison was a well-intentioned but headstrong young lady, whom a snub in time was likely to save from nine future ones, and who was therefore rather to be congratulated than commiserated on having fallen in with an equally headstrong opponent, but I did not see the matter at all in that light at the time. On the contrary, Maud appeared to me to be the good angel and Mrs. Farquhar the evil genius of the neighborhood, and I am afraid I was much more angry with the latter for having enticed away the old women from church than for tormenting my uncle from morning to night.

Maud herself was evidently much mortified—less by Mrs. Farquhar's hostility than by the terrible depravity of human nature as illustrated in the conduct of those subsidized paupers. "I shall never be able to feel any interest in them again," she said. "I keep on telling myself that they are no worse than I am, and that if I were poor and hungry I should very likely sell my birthright for a mess of pottage; but it won't do. I know quite well that there are depths of meanness to which I never could descend. I might buy the pottage, and eat it, but I should not pretend that I was swallowing it down to satisfy a spiritual craving. Sometimes I feel as if I almost hated the poor. Those old women make believe to be as fond of me as ever, and declare that they would never have left the church if that greasy Ebenezer man hadn't convinced them that there could be no earnest religion in an established form of liturgy, and I can't stoop to tell them that I know all about it, and that they have simply sold themselves to Mrs. Farquhar, who has bought them, not because she cares a straw whether they go to church or chapel, but because for some reason or other she wants to spite me. My father understands them better than I do, and they like him a great deal better than they do me. He goes on visiting them just as if nothing had happened, and thinks it very natural that they should take a tempting bribe and then tell lies about it. I don't think it natural at all. I can't help despising them, and they see that I despise them, and so all my influence is slipping away. If it were a mere question of fighting Mrs. Farquhar, I might set to work, and at the end of a twelvemonth I dare say I should have a very good chance of beating her; that is, unless she is very rich. But I don't choose to fight Mrs. Farquhar."

It was not all at once that Maud spoke to me with this openness. At first she was reticent, and only hinted at disappointments and annoyances, without entering into particulars as to their nature; but when she found how deep and unquestioning was my sympathy (for in truth I should have sympathized with her just as much if she and her adversary had changed places), her reserve broke down, and she not only confided to me all that has been related here, but told me of various other trivial slights which Mrs. Farquhar had taken pains to inflict upon her, and which were all the more galling by reason of their triviality. She laughed when I expressed a desire to throttle that mischief-making old woman with my own hands, and said I was talking nonsense; still, doubtless, it was a relief to her to find some one who was ready to adopt her own views in a spirit of blind faith, and who did not hesitate to emphasize them in language more forcible than she could permit herself to make use of.

For two days there had been unmistakable signs of an approaching change. On each afternoon the thermometer had risen a little above freezing-point, to fall below it again after sunset; now the ice had become soft and slushy; the wind, after shifting about to all points of the compass, had begun to blow gently but steadily from the southwest, and even the most obstinate optimists had to admit that a genuine thaw had set in. Still, there was supposed to be a sufficient thickness of ice to render skating safe, if not precisely enjoyable.

"It will be our last day," sighed Maud, as she rose from the chair upon which she had been sitting while I adjusted her skates; and we determined to make the most of it.

Accordingly we set off on a somewhat longer trip than usual, meaning to cross our own Broad, push on by way of the dikes to Hickling Broad and Horsey Mere, and so return through another series of dikes. I, for my part, spent a very pleasant afternoon, in spite of the raw, damp air and of the ice, which last was in about as bad a condition as it well could have been. Uncomfortable as it was to skate through large puddles and over a soft surface more like snow than ice, it did not occur to me that there was anything dangerous in such a proceeding until we reached Horsey Mere, when that aspect of the case was brought under my notice in an abrupt and striking manner. All of a sudden, and without the smallest preliminary warning of any kind, there came a great crash, and I found myself plunged under water. My first impulse, after I rose gasping to the surface and struck out instinctively was to shout, "It's all right!" in order to re-assure my companion, but what was my horror on discovering that she had disappeared! As may be imagined, I was tolerably cold already, but I shall not easily forget the chill that went to my heart when I realized what had happened, nor how, in the mere instant that elapsed before I had got hold of her, I had time to picture to myself all the consequences, immediate and remote, of Maud's death and the terrible future that awaited me should I survive her. It was only an instant. As soon as I had got her to place her hands on my shoulders, so as to leave my arms free, I knew I should save her, though, truth to tell, the task did not seem a very easy one. Swimming in my clothes was a thing I was well accustomed to, having been swamped many a time at Eton; but I had never before been called upon to swim in a heavy great-coat, with skates upon my feet, and with a fellow-creature weighing me down; nor did I exactly see how we were to reach the shore, which was only a few yards distant. To scramble up on the ice again was, as I knew, an impossibility, and I was not a little afraid of being sucked under. However, there was nothing for it but to make for the edge of the pool in which we were immersed, and this I did, throwing my whole weight upon the surface. It yielded, as I had expected; we both went down and rose again with some loss of breath, and after repeating this manœuvre two or three times, I had the satisfaction of grasping dry land. We scrambled on shore somehow or other, and sat looking at one another, thoroughly exhausted and half dead with cold.

I dare say we presented a sufficiently ridiculous appearance in our forlorn and draggled state, and I know that we both laughed a little between our chattering teeth. Maud had behaved splendidly throughout. She had never lost her presence of mind for a moment, she had done exactly as she was told, and she had not uttered a word or a cry. She did not say much even now. Only, after I had risen to my feet, and assisted her to do the same, she touched me gently on the arm to make me look at her, and said, "Thank you, Charley."

It does not sound a superlatively grateful speech to make to a man who has just saved you from drowning, but it more than satisfied me. For while Maud was uttering these three short words my eyes met hers, and I saw there—how shall I express it?—I saw something which could not be translated into words, which could not even at the moment be expressed in thought, but which sent a thrill of exultation through the whole of my shivering person. Such flashes of happiness come every now and again into a man's life, though never, I think, after a certain age. As we grow older we become less impressionable, more analytical, less open to vague suggestions of bliss. Had all this happened five or six years later, I should probably have asked myself what was the meaning of that look of Maud's, and whether in truth it signified, as it seemed to do, that my dearest hopes were to be realized; but, as it was, I put no such direct inquiries to my soul. I walked along beside her in silence, a little bit dazed and supremely happy, without quite knowing why.

There was a laborer's cottage some three hundred yards away from the mere. Thither we betook ourselves, and having been restored with hot drinks, and furnished with such garments as the good woman of the house could provide us with in exchange for our dripping ones, we set off to trudge homeward in the guise of a pair of East-Anglian peasants. By this time Maud had recovered the full use of her tongue, and she now thanked me more warmly and at greater length for having preserved her from a watery grave, saying a great many kind and flattering things, which it would have been delightful to listen to had I not been troubled by a most unfortunate recollection which had occurred to me while waiting in the cottage, and which sadly dimmed the glory of my heroism.

"Maud," I said at last, speaking in a doleful voice, and feeling as if all my bright visions were about to vanish, like Cinderella's coach and horses, "I must tell you something: I didn't really save your life at all."

"My dear Charley," she answered, "if there is anything certain in this world, it is certain that I should be lying dead at the bottom of Horsey Mere at this moment but for you."

"I give you my word," I exclaimed, eagerly, "that I firmly believed so until a few minutes ago; but then I remembered what I should have thought of before, if I had had my wits about me. Do you know that we were struggling for our lives in—in—*four feet of water!*"

Well, she declared that that made no difference at all; that she was just as much indebted to me as if the peril had been a real instead of an imaginary one, and so forth; but naturally she could not help laughing a little; and I had to laugh too, though it went rather against the grain. It was a cruel practical joke for Fortune to play upon a poor hero.

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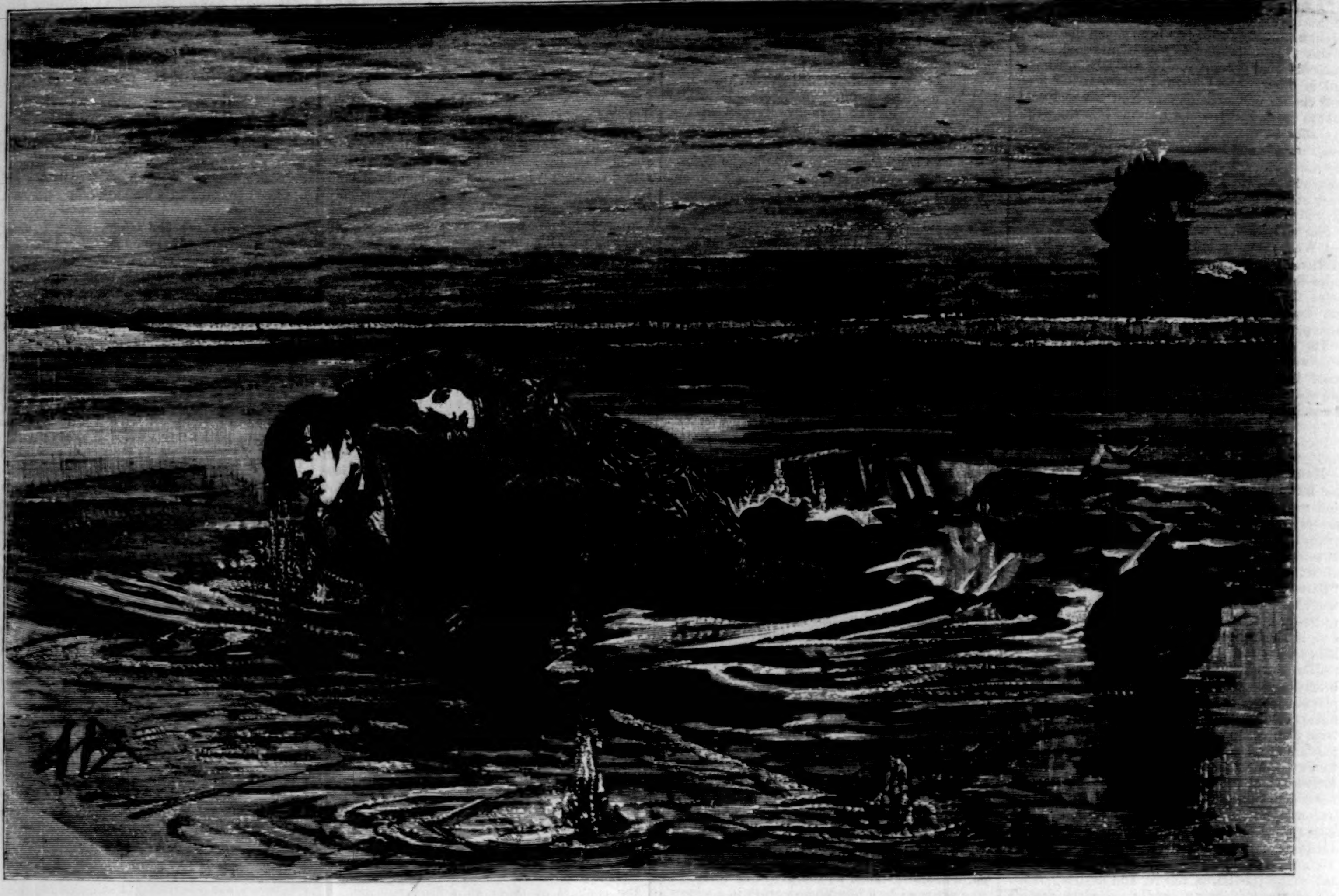


"AS SOON AS I HAD GOT HER TO PLACE HER HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS, SO AS TO LEAVE MY ARMS FREE, I KNEW I SHOULD SAVE HER."

CHAPTER VII.

THE RECTOR HAS FRIENDS TO DINNER.

THERE is a French *chanson*, *Comme à Vignt Ans*, which everybody knows: *Comme on aime à vignt ans!—Comme on rit!—Comme on pleure!*—and all the rest. I heard it sung for the first time when I was but a little more than twenty myself; I heard it sung for about the hundred-and-fiftieth time at a concert, only the other day, by a fat old Frenchman, who waxed so pathetic over it that he made himself cry, and very nearly made me cry into the bargain. Doubtless he was thinking of those days, long, long ago, when he was slim and handsome and twenty: I wonder whether he noticed another fat old man in the audience who was listening to him with a lackadaisical air, and whose eyes expressed the profoundest sympathy. Ah me! I too have been in Arcadia; I too have memories of the golden age. It is ridiculous; it is not without an effort that I myself can realize the fact that I was once young; nevertheless, a fact it is.

I don't know that the generality of us grow much better or wiser with the progress of time. Experience, of course, we gain—a dreary acquisition, after all. It is impossible for a man to grow old and not learn a great many things which it was equally impossible for him to know when he was young; but, unfortunately, when the ignorance goes, the bliss is very apt to go too. We are behind the scenes now; we know all about it; we plod slowly forward on the journey of life, surveying the landscape through our spectacles with dispassionate eyes; the color on the distant mountains no longer deceives us; "beyond their utmost purple rim" lies no paradise, as we are very well aware; if rocks or thorny hedges bar our path, we don't make a prodigious outcry, having crossed many such places already, and having learned that the bruises and wounds inflicted by them are soon healed and forgotten. *Tout passe; tout lasse:* one jogs on more easily than of yore, but certainly less enjoyably. I don't say that I wish to begin my life over again—very few people, I should imagine, would wish for that; but I do wish that the happiest days of it should not be utterly lost and abolished forever. Indeed, I can't believe that they are really dead and gone—those good days. All my life long I have had a conviction that they were only laid aside until the hurry and labor of this short existence should be at an end, and that I should go back to them, or that they would come back to me, at last in a world where pain and sin shall be done away with. I don't in the least see how such a thing is to be contrived; but that has never yet been held to be an argument against any creed; and in an age when every one is permitted to form bold speculations as to the meaning and end of existence, nobody, surely, will quarrel with me for tacking my humble little surmise on to the skirts of an orthodox faith in immortality.

I have been trying, since my return to England, after an absence of many years, to understand the theories of the various philosophers—Positivist, Materialist, Agnostic, and other—who have sprung into notice during my exile, and whose gospels, I am assured, are slowly but steadily undermining that which was taught us by our predecessors. So far, I can not say that I have gained much light from these new guides, although I have been favored with the help of an intellectual friend whom I sometimes meet at the club, who explains the hard passages for me, and who is very anxious that I should adore his own particular fetich, which I understand to be Humanity with a big H. I have not found myself able to embrace this funny faith; I don't see my way to the deification of my fellow-creatures, or to the worshipping of myself under a collective aspect; nor can I be contented with the wretched little shred of unconscious future existence so complacently offered to me. Bunce's "singing in heavenly quires" may not be altogether satisfactory; but it seems preferable to painless extinction. My Positivist friend says this is nonsense; he tells me that I am selfish and gross; he almost doubts whether I am capable of rising to the level of his sublime conceptions; and perhaps he is right. It is true that I don't want to rise to them; I never was ambitious.

The whole of the above digression (for which I beg to apologize) has been provoked by my reminiscences of what I was at twenty years of age, and of the remarkable simplicity which distinguished my character at that remote period. After what I said in the last chapter about the look which I surprised in Maud's eyes while we stood dripping by the margin of Horsey Mere, it might be supposed that I should have confronted the future with confidence, and looked upon my fortune (in an amatory sense) as already three parts made; but no such thing. She had only to treat me with a little reserve and coolness—which she did for some days afterward—to nip all my half-formed hopes in the bud, and cast me down into an abyss of despair. My impression was that she repented of having said as much as she had done, now that she knew my aquatic feat to have been wholly uncalled for; and this seemed rather hard, because, after all, four feet of water will amply suffice to drown an exhausted girl.

Much annoyance was caused me by the celerity with which the news of our adventure was bruited about, and by the exaggerated reports of it which found credence in various quarters. Before a week was out I was sick of telling people that I really had not swum a distance of twenty yards under water, dragging Miss Dennison in my wake, and knocking a hole in the ice with my head to crawl out through at the end of it; also the sprightly comments and innuendoes of the ladies who came to call and hear all about the catastrophe were extremely distasteful to me. Even Bunce was quite arch and knowing upon the subject, so that I was obliged to rebuke him for saying the things that he did—and in Maud's presence too, which was most embarrassing. As for the Rector, he came tearing up in a state of enthusiastic gratitude, which I am sorry to say evaporated in shouts of laughter when he heard my version of the story. George Warren, who was there at the time, laughed uproariously too, and joined in the chaff to which I had to submit for the next hour.

I told George afterward that I considered this rather a poor class of wit, and he begged my pardon, promising not to offend in the same way again; so I forgave him. But what surprised and angered me most of all was the extraordinary view which Mrs. Farquhar chose to take of the matter.

"Ay, ay," she said, nodding her head, with an infuriating smile; "a clever young lady indeed!—and no doubt she would know the depth of the water very well before she fell in. There was the chance of her catching her death of cold; but she would just make up her mind to risk that. I'm not denying her courage."

And when I indignantly inquired whether Mrs. Farquhar meant to insinuate that Miss Dennison had tumbled into Horsey Mere on purpose, the old lady only pursed up her lips and went on nodding, till I had to leave the room hastily in order to keep myself from throwing something at her.

"What on earth is she driving at?" I asked, impatiently, of my uncle, while we were sitting over the fire after dinner. "Does she suppose that Maud deliberately jumped into a frozen lake on a January afternoon to serve some mysterious ends of her own?"

"Well, yes," answered my uncle; "I believe that is what she supposes. You know—or, on second thoughts, perhaps you don't know—that women are apt to look upon most of the incidents of life as bearing more or less directly upon the all-important subject of marriage. My mother has taken it into her head that you will be a matrimonial catch, and that Miss Dennison is determined to catch you. Of course both these assumptions are mistaken; but I have not been able to convince her that they are so, and perhaps it is hardly worth while to try any more."

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, "I never heard of such a thing! I wouldn't have this come to Maud's ears for any money. Do you mean to say that you didn't contradict Mrs. Farquhar?"

"Oh, I contradicted her—and then she contradicted me, you know. I pointed out to her that you were not a rich man, nor even (saving your presence) a man at all as yet, and I added that, to the best of my belief, Miss Maud was perfectly innocent of any designs upon you; but in the long-run it occurred to me that I might as well have held my tongue. So, after that, I did hold my tongue."

"If only she would do the same!" I sighed, despondently. "But that she will never do; and it is easy to see how all this will end. Some of these days the Rector will begin to think that he has submitted to enough insults, and there will be a quarrel between us and our oldest friends. Then I suppose that—dear old lady will be satisfied."

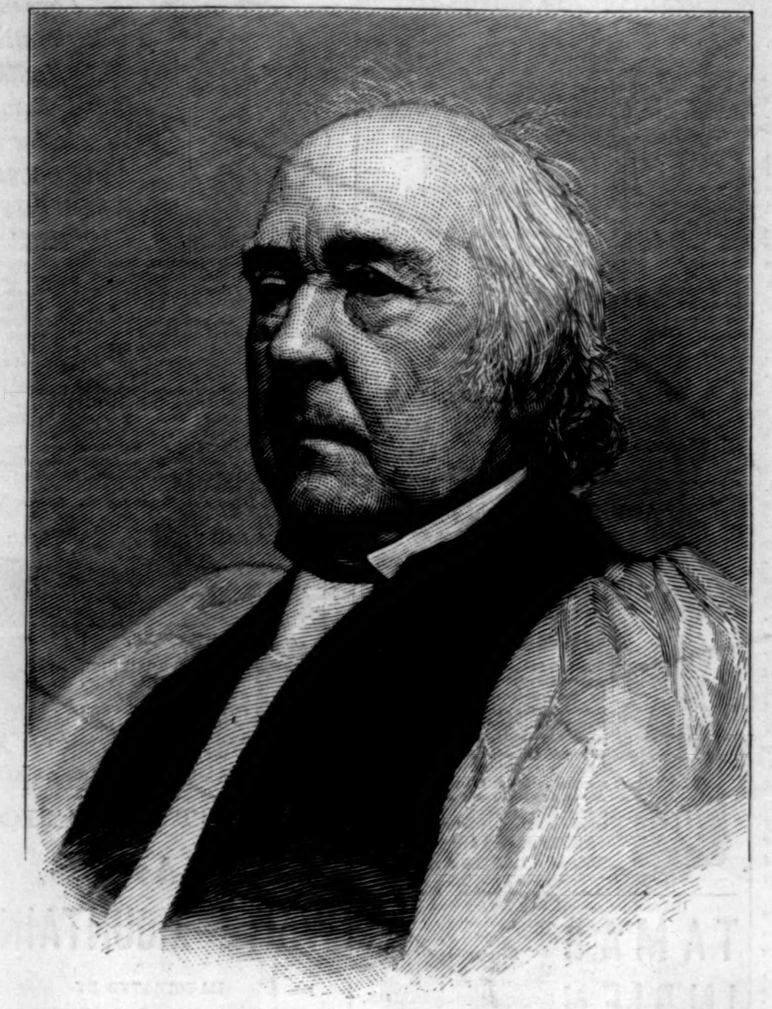
"I don't think the Rector will quarrel with us," answered my uncle, quietly.

The Rector, I must say, was very magnanimous. If he was hurt by Mrs. Farquhar's active and unwarrantable hostility to him in his parish—and, as he was naturally a sensitive man, I have very little doubt but that he was hurt—he allowed none of us to see it. Perhaps he knew that his strength was to sit still, and that the capricious old lady would soon tire of Ebenezer Chapel when she found that no one tried to entice her away from it; perhaps he may have thought it beneath his dignity to dispute on theological matters with unauthorized and ignorant persons. Still, it was not the less magnanimous on his part to refrain from uttering a word of complaint, and to come up to the Hall nearly every day, without abating anything of his customary cordiality. Mrs. Farquhar used to say to him that he was a well-meaning man, but that she greatly feared he was only a nominal Christian.

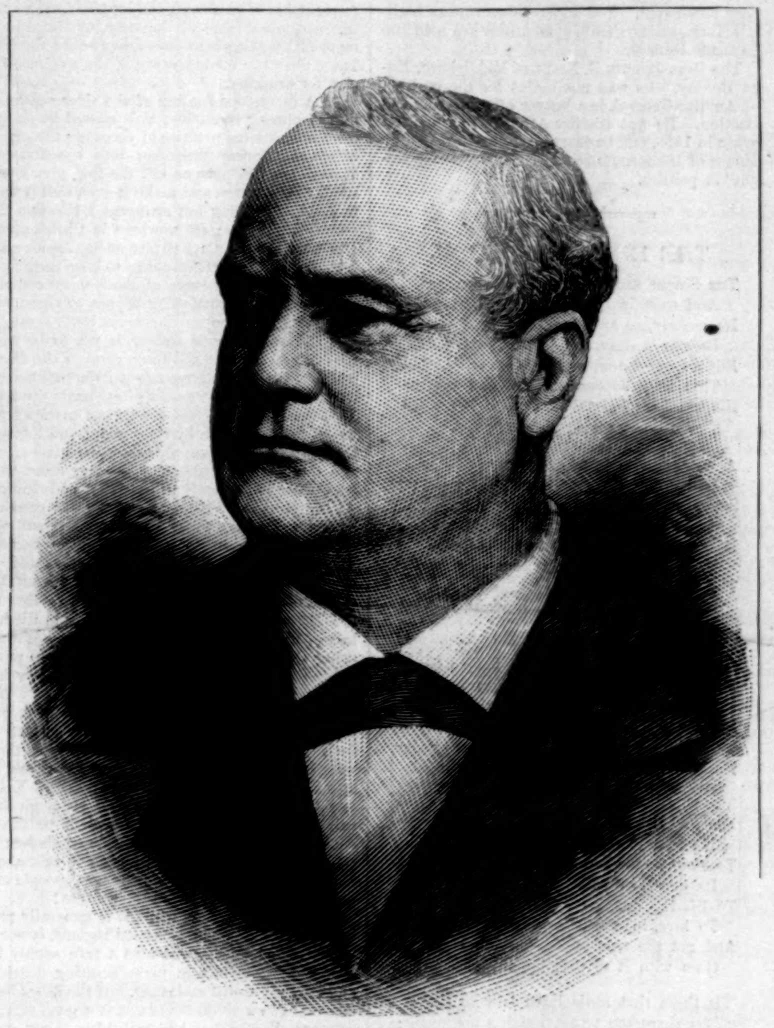
The date of my return to Oxford was fast approaching, when an invitation came, asking the three of us to dine quietly at the Rectory. I had some hope that, circumstances being what they were, Mrs. Farquhar would decline this proffered hospitality for herself; but she disappointed me by merely pursuing her ordinary rule of conduct with regard to invitations. That is to say, that she began by declaring that she was much too old to go out anywhere after dark, proceeded to observe that it did not do to consult one's own convenience alone, and finally sat down to write an acceptance with an air of pious resignation. The truth, I suppose, was that she liked a little society, as was very natural; but I don't to this day understand why she should not have acknowledged as much.

The Rectory was a good-sized, solid, comfortable house, where the Rector, who appreciated comfort of a solid kind, had for many years been in the habit of giving very successful little dinners. The cooking of these dinners was plain, but excellent; the wine was of the best; and when his guests had done justice to both, it was their worthy host's custom to lead them, either into the garden to admire his roses, of which he was justly proud, or into a spacious study, where easy-chairs and a blazing fire awaited them—according as the seasons were. Nobody was ever asked to enter the drawing-room, which had the forlorn aspect common to the drawing-rooms of all houses in which there are no ladies; the Rector's reception-room was his study. In it was the well-selected library which he so seldom found time to consult; in it was the enormous stuffed pike caught in Thirlby Broad, whose weight I have forgotten, and will not attempt to recall, for fear of being accused of exaggeration; in it, modestly shrinking into a corner between one of the book-cases and the wall, was a small bureau, through the glass doors of which could be distinguished guns, fishing-rods, landing-nets, and eel spears; in it distressed parishioners were wont to receive daily aid, spiritual and temporal; and in it the Rector dearly loved to collect a little knot of cronies on winter evenings, and to start them on an interminable chat over field-sports. He did not hunt—indeed, it was not much of a hunting country—but in every other branch of venery, from the breaking in of a puppy to the training of a hawk (which latter art he had practiced with signal success when a young man), he was an authority to whom the neighbors far and wide deferred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE LATE BISHOP PINKNEY, OF MARYLAND.
Photographed by J. Goldin.



ALFRED VAN SANTVOORD, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE LINCOLN BANK.
Photographed by W. Kurtz.—[See Page 453.]

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM PINKNEY, D.D., LL.D.

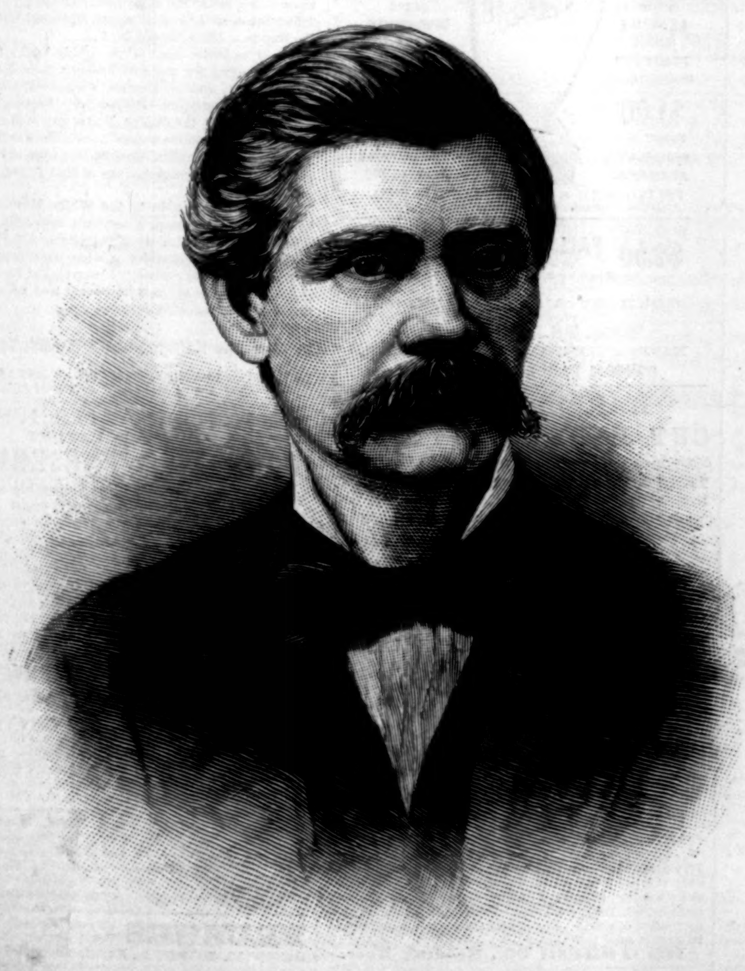
Right Rev. Bishop **William Pinkney**, who died suddenly of congestion of the heart, near Cockeysville, Maryland, on the 4th inst., was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1810, so that he died full of years and of the honors of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He graduated in St. John's College, Maryland, and then went to studying law, but subsequently changed it for that of divinity. He pursued his studies partly in Princeton and partly in the Theological Seminary of New York. He was ordained a Deacon in 1836. He received his first call from St. Andrew's, in Somerset County, Maryland, and afterward, in 1838, he became the Rector of St. Matthew's, near Bladensburg, Prince George's County, Maryland, and was pastor of that parish for seventeen years.

In 1855 he was called to the Rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C., and continued to be its pastor even after he was elected Assistant Bishop of Maryland in 1866, and up to the time of his death. When Bishop **Whittingham** died in 1879, the Assistant Bishop became Bishop by right of succession. Since he became prelate thirty churches and chapels have been erected and added to the Episcopal Diocese of the State; and since the 1st of January, 1883, he confirmed 1300 persons to full membership. He was the fifth Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, and the hardest worker in the Episcopal House of Bishops. He gave half of his annual salary ($4000) to the poor and needy clergymen in his diocese. He was a firm believer in home missions and the religion of the by-ways, as much if not more than in that of the "high places" in the synagogue.

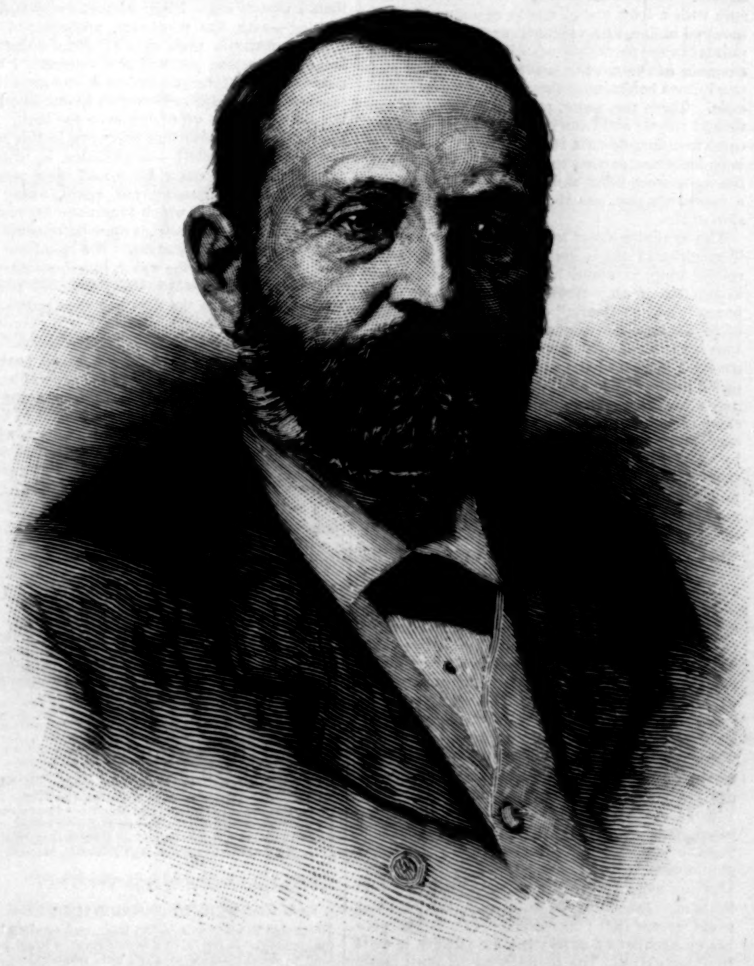
PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

The State Convention of the Pennsylvania Republicans was held in Harrisburg on the 11th inst., and the proceedings were dignified and harmonious. Protective doctrines were vigorously upheld in the platform, a suggestion was made that the surplus revenue of the nation be distributed among the States; the administration of President **Arthur** was approved, and the withdrawal of the trade dollar from circulation was recommended.

There were ten candidates for the nomination for State Treasurer, and on the sixth ballot Mr. **William A. Livsey**, of Pittsburgh, was chosen. He is a man about forty-five years of age, who has never had any connection with politics, but he is a very accomplished accountant, and well fitted for the office for which he has



WILLIAM A. LIVSEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Photographed by D. C. Burnell.



THE HON. JEROME B. NILES, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR AUDITOR-GENERAL OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Photographed by D. C. Burnite.

been nominated. The Independents speak highly of him, although his sympathies are with the CAMERON leaders.

The Hon. JEROME B. NILES, of Middleburg, Tioga County, who was nominated for the position of Auditor-General, is a lawyer of ability and distinction. He was District Attorney in 1862, and again in 1865, and has served several terms in the House of Representatives. He is an "Independent" in politics.

THE INNERMOST ROOM.

THE Singer sang the world a song,
And soon in every tender heart
Its melody, so sweet and strong,
Became a dear and lasting part.
But no one knew, and no one cared,
That from supremest grief and wrong
His breaking heart had learned the notes
That trembled into glorious song.

A woman, who from every cup
Had drank life's glad and bitter streams,
Sat down and wrote a wondrous tale,
As sweet and bright as fairy dreams.
But no one knew, and no one cared,
From what tumultuous seas of thought
The soul in lonely voyages
Its parable of life had brought.

The Teacher, with a burning heart,
With tongue as swift and hot as flame,
Led with a wise and tender heart
The world unto its highest aim.
But no one asked, and no one knew,
Through what fierce conflict, day by day,
He won the victory which cleared
For weaker hearts the higher way.

For each soul has one inner room
Where all alone it seeks the grace
To struggle with its sharpest woe,
Its hardest destiny to face,
To lift the duty that it fears,
To love, to trust, through every doom,
And not the nearest, dearest heart
Goes with it to that inner room.

'Tis there that souls learn how to sing;
'Tis there the truest knights are made;
There, with the sharp edge of her sword,
Great Sorrow gives the accolade.
From thence they come with subtle strength
The weary and the sad to lift;
But who remembers that lone room,
Its strife and doubt, its grief and gloom,
From which they bring the precious gift?

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

RIVER WATER.

A FAMILIAR sight to me, in years gone by, was the watering of ships in Hilo Harbor from the river Wailuku. Vessels came a thousand miles out of their way to supply themselves at this pure stream. Their boats' crews, putting out from the ship with a long tow of empty casks, perhaps a hundred in line, like a gigantic sea-serpent, would pull landward across the beautiful bay, and up the entrance of the stream, between picturesque and precipitous banks, until they reached the first cascade. There the water, pure and cool from the upland forests and from the snows of Mauna Kea, came tumbling down a lava cliff into the sea. A long hose was carried to the bank; one by one the casks were filled, and the hooped sea-serpent, a ponderous tow, was tugged slowly back to the ship again.

The Wailuku water was good river water, and if received in tanks on shore, instead of on a rolling ship, it would have given little trouble to the consumer. But kept in casks on shipboard it had to "work," or go through a process of fermentation, lasting perhaps a fortnight, before it got clear of its sediment, stirred up by the constant motion of the ship, and not properly exposed to the purifying oxygen of the air. Bright and clear when decanted from the river, it became turbid and ill-smelling while it was "working," and would then be called quite undrinkable by shore people, though the sailors used it even then. Its chief impurity was decomposing vegetable matters; and these are only one cause among many of the impurity of streams. River waters are more likely to be impure than those of wells or springs; and their causes of impurity may be counted, in the order of their importance, as follows:

1. The muddy water of freshets is rather an inconvenience than a danger to health. River water that is turbid from this cause will soon clear itself; if it be exposed to the air in a reservoir, by depositing the earthy matter in suspension, and by absorbing oxygen, it will become pure and sparkling. Nor is it the most turbid water, by any means, that is the most dangerous to drink; water that is merely turbid from containing earthy matters, like the Wailuku water in flood-time, is harmless.

2. In small and sluggish streams the water often fouls itself from the decay of animal and vegetable substances that it has itself produced—plants, insects, and fishes. Streams are in general pure according to their size and swiftness. It is not easy to pollute the water of a powerful and rapid stream that pours down over a bed of pebbly or of silicious sand; the air purifies it as it tumbles along. The Seine received until lately the sewer discharge of the city of Paris; but the Seine is a living stream, flowing over a bed of white sand; and in 1870 it freed itself entirely, even from this enormous mass of impurity, by the time it reached Meulan, about sixty miles below the city. There the water could be used again, as above the city, for drinking.

3. A dangerous fouling of the river occurs in manufacturing countries; it is caused by the almost unrestricted practice of throwing the refuse of manufacturing processes into the streams. These chemical poisons kill the fish, give a bad smell to the water, and make it even visibly unfit to drink. Nothing but stringent legislation can stop this practice; for nowhere in Christendom, I believe, is there Christianity enough among the inhabitants of up-stream towns to keep them from making common sewers of their water-courses, and from thus distributing poison to those who live upon the same water-courses lower down.

4. But the gravest danger is yet to be mentioned. It is not the soiling, or even the chemical fouling, of the stream, but its actual poisoning by means of the germs of epidemic diseases. Typhoid fever and cholera are thus carried from house to house both by river water and through the pipes of a water supply from whatever source; and the resulting epidemics in many cases have been traced accurately to the point of infection. At the Millbank Prison in London, the convicts used the Thames water to drink, and suffered from typhoid fever. The fever stopped when the water supply was changed. The same thing occurred in a London district on removing the source of its water supply to a point farther up the Thames. The same thing occurs in the history of nearly every growing place before it stops using the neighboring river, and takes to purer water sources of supply. In 1854 Glasgow lost 3886 people by an epidemic of cholera. Not long after this Loch Katrine was tapped, and pure water was supplied to the city instead of foul. The next cholera year was 1866; there were only sixty-eight deaths from that cause, instead of nearly four thousand as before. Yet it is seldom that the inhabitants of cities give up drinking river water by any foresight or timely choice; they wait for an epidemic of cholera or typhoid fever, and then they begin to talk about getting purer water. Happy the townspeople who do not have to drink from their rivers!

River water, in fine, while it is generally pure in mountainous or in unsettled regions, is not to be depended on elsewhere as a safe supply for drinking; it is bad in manufacturing districts, and worse in towns and cities. If the fishes have decreased in a given stream, it is a good sign of danger. Water that will kill fishes is not good for man; and in most of our rivers the fishes are grievously thinned—in many of them, as in the rivers of England, the finest are gone altogether. The rivers of France are purer than the English, because the population is not so dense, and because manufactories are not so numerous. Thus the people of Besançon, a city near the eastern boundary of France, do not drink the water of their river, the Doubs, because in freshets it is muddy. But all the year round they catch abundance of delicious fish in it, for the Doubs still flows down unpolluted from the pure hills and mountain ranges of the Jura.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

TOO MUCH BATHING.

THERE are few greater admirers of the bath than I myself am. I like almost every plan of bathing—with the exception, probably, of the Russian moudjik plan of getting in under the stove and burying yourself in hot ashes. I have never tried that, but doubtless it has its advantages—to a moudjik. However, I must say there is such a thing as overdoing even the bath. Although I should wish that every one in this country were like myself—amphibious, so that if thrown into the water he would only ponder, while quietly swimming out again, where the nearest place was at which to procure dry clothes and a cup of coffee—still, it must be remembered that men are not manatees. We could not live most of our time in the water, like those interesting aquatic mammals. People should neither bathe too often in the day, nor remain too long in the water at a time, else they will overdo it; they will have too much of a good thing. The after-effects of the bath should in all cases be studied, as well as the state of the general health. Moreover, the temperature of the water deserves consideration: it may suit some people to break the ice on their matutinal tub in winter, with a frozen sponge for a mallet, but a dash of warm water is to be recommended when the mercury crosses the line 32°. One bath in winter, and two in the heat of summer, I would not call overdoing the thing.

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SUMMER TOURS.

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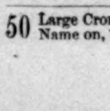

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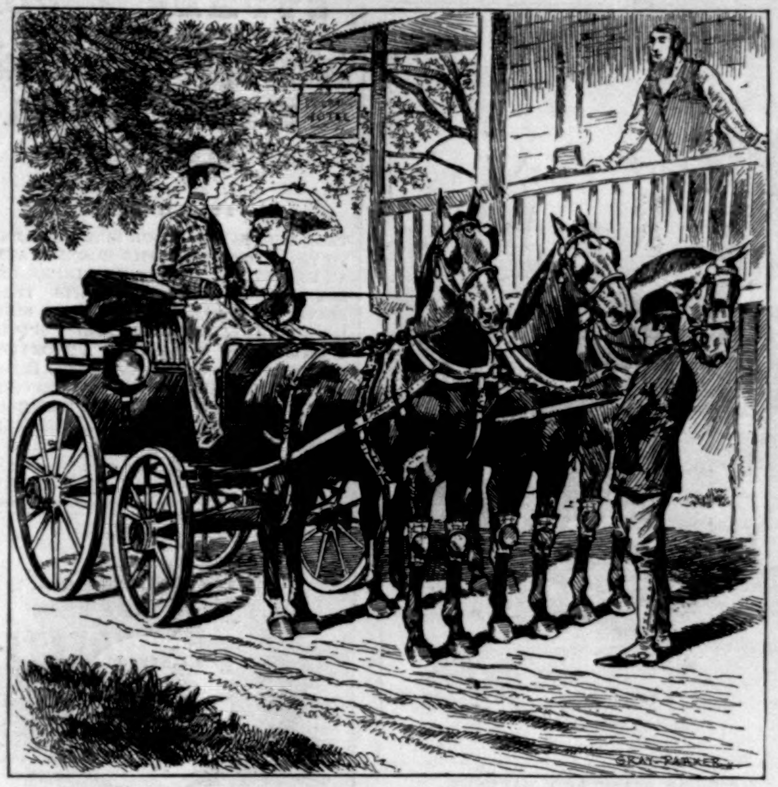

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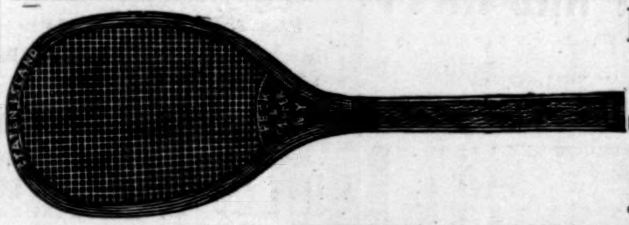

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